

# SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post-Office, March 1, 1899, by Frank Tousey.

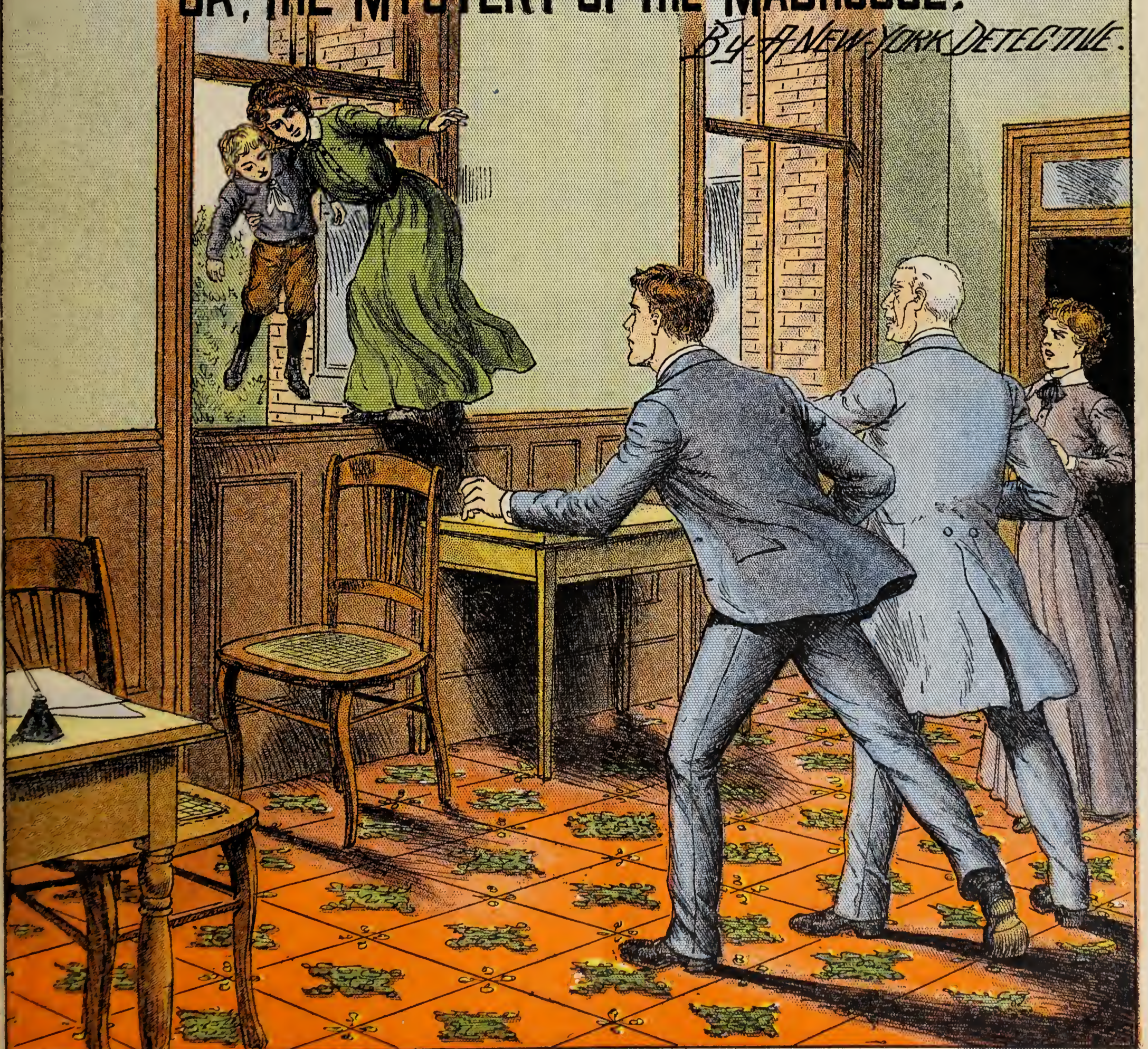
No. 389.

NEW YORK, JULY 6, 1906.

Price 5 Cents.

## THE BRADYS AND THE GREEN LADY; OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE MADHOUSE.

By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.



"Come near me and out I go with him!" screamed the mad woman. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried the house-keeper. Harry made a rush, but Old King Brady held him back. "A word with you before you jump, dear lady!" he cried.



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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE BRADYS ARRIVE AT HYGEIA HALL.

A train stopped at Wanakee, Indiana, to let off two men.

One was a spruce young fellow in his early twenties, the other an elderly man, whose peculiar appearance attracted the attention of the few persons who chanced to be hanging around the station that July night.

He was a tall, spare man, with marked features.

He wore a long blue coat, with a double row of flat brass buttons down the front.

Especially marked was his big white hat with its enormously broad brim.

As the pair walked across the open square toward the livery stable somebody said "Old King Brady."

And all hands, as they looked the old gentleman over, agreed that "somebody" was right.

It was by no means strange that this identification should have been so prompt.

Old and Young King Brady have earned for themselves a national, not to say world-wide reputation, as the keenest detectives in the field.

"There seems to be nobody here to meet us, Harry," Old King Brady had remarked, after looking about him at the station. "We will get over to the livery stable and hire a team."

The man at the livery stable looked his visitors over rather suspiciously when the request was made.

"Want someone to drive you out to Dr. Dalton's?" he asked.

"Yes," said Old King Brady. "We propose to remain at the sanitarium a few days. It may not be convenient for the doctor to return the team."

"Huh!" growled the stable-keeper. "I don't let my teams to strangers. I wouldn't let you drive, anyway."

"Just so," replied Old King Brady. "Since I have not asked it I fail to see where the kick is coming. What will be your charge?"

"Ten dollars."

"Why, my good sir, I don't want to buy a rig. Can't you shade that a bit?"

"I cannot. If you don't want to pay my price you know what you can do."

"Yes, but we don't care to do it, so get your team ready. It will soon be dark."

"It will be darker before you get out there. It's a good twelve miles."

"Here's your ten."

The stable-keeper pocketed the money, and turned away.

"What in the world ails that fellow?" said Harry, as Old King Brady usually calls his partner and pupil.

Old King Brady stepped to the curb before replying.

"Why, can't you see through a brick when there is a great big hole in it?" he said.

"You think——"

"We are known, Harry, that is all."

"That of course. You will dress to your part. Why wouldn't we be known?"

"That's all right. Straws show which way the wind blows. Doubtless this fellow has extensive dealings with Dr. Dalton. We are not wanted at the madhouse, I dare say."

"Perhaps he takes me for a patient, and you for a doctor."

"You can speculate about it as you please. The fact remains that the man has made us pay double price for the team."

In a few moments an old surrey, drawn by a couple of boneyard horses, came out of the stable.

The Bradys climbed in and were driven away.

Their way lay along the lakeshore.

"What a dreary country this is," remarked Young King Brady.

It was so, indeed.

Great sandhills rose all around them.

After leaving the railroad, which at this point makes a detour to avoid a bend in the lake, the Bradys might have fancied themselves on a desert.

They were actually running out upon a sandy point which projects into Lake Michigan.

This point is about twelve miles in length, and at its end was the destination of the Bradys, "Hygeia Hall," the famous, or, rather, infamous sanitarium of Dr. J. J. Dalton.

But at this time the true character of the institution had not become generally known.

The driver, who sat alone on the front seat, was a man of forty odd years, with a thin, hatchet face, and grisly beard.

Not a word had he uttered since they started, and now Old King Brady attempted to draw him out.

"How far do you call it to Dr. Dalton's, my friend?" asked Old King Brady, leaning forward.

No answer.

The man did not even turn his head.

"Can you tell me how far it is to Dr. Dalton's?" repeated Old King Brady, in a louder key.

Still no answer.

"I believe he is stone deaf, Harry?" whispered the old detective.

"I'll try him," replied Harry.

He laid his hand on the driver's shoulder, and the man immediately looked around.

"How far to Dr. Dalton's?" demanded Harry.

The man shook his head, touched his ears and lips, and then shook his head again.

"A dummy," said Harry. "Shall I try to draw him out?"

"Do so," replied the old detective.

Young King Brady is a master of the deaf and dumb language.

He now climbed over into the front seat and tackled his man.

Old King Brady watched the rapid movement of their fingers in a puzzled way.

This was one of the things he had never been able to master.

Thus Young King Brady proves a great help to his chief.

Harry can speak Spanish, German, Italian, and some French.

He is one of the sort who seem able to learn anything they put their mind to.

Old King Brady knows the detective business from start to finish, but when you have said that you have said all.

And so the old detective watched this finger talk helplessly enough.

Had he been wiser he would have been able to follow the conversation thus:

Harry began with the very same question as to distance.

"Twelve miles," replied the dummy.

And he added: "It is away out on the point by the old hotel."

"Many patients stopping there?" pursued Harry.

"I don't know."

"Is it a pleasant place?"

"No."

Then the fingers flashed back:

"Is the old man crazy?"

"No."

"Is he Old King Brady?"

"Confound the Governor's trade-mark clothes," thought Harry, but he answered: "Yes, he is."

"I wouldn't go there if I was you."

"What?"

The dummy repeated.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because."

"That is no answer."

"You won't give me away?"

"Never."

"Then it is because they are a bad lot there."

"How a bad lot? What do they do?"

"I can't tell you. I only know what I learn."

"Why did you ask if the gentleman was Old King Brady?"

"Because I have seen his picture."

"You did not hear that we were coming?"

"Oh, no. Nobody ever tells me anything. I'm a dummy, you know. Everybody thinks that a dummy is the same as a fool."

"I don't think so."

"You are different. You can talk my language."

"Do you know Dr. Dalton?"

"I often see him. He cannot speak to me."

"Does your boss know him?"

"Yes."

"They are friends?"

"Yes, good friends. Don't ask me any more. I shall lose my job."

But Harry did ask more.

The result was what he might have expected.

The dummy simply refused to talk.

The conversation having reached this unsatisfactory stage, Young King Brady climbed back into the other seat, and repeated what he had learned.

"I am not surprised," said the old detective. "We are going on a dangerous mission, no doubt. We shall certainly be unwelcome guests."

"I expected that."

"Suppose the doctor refuses to put us up for the night?"

"I'm thinking of that."

"Why not pretend to start back in the carriage, leave it, and take up our headquarters in the old hotel?"

"I think that will be the best way."

They rode on and night settled down upon the dreary scene.

At last, after it began to seem as if they were never going to reach their destination, they caught sight of the lake once more.

The moon had just risen, and shone down over the sand hills, and beyond its light could be seen glistening on the water.

A turn in the road taking them around a sand hill some fifty feet high, they came in sight of a long, low building standing on the edge of the bluff.

"There you are, Governor!" exclaimed Harry.

"Evidently Hygeia Hall," replied Old King Brady, after a hasty glance at it.

"I see no other building. Where can the hotel be?"

"I thought you understood about that?"

"Aren't there two buildings?"

"No, only one. It was erected by a company for a summer hotel. It ran three seasons, making a big loss each time. Then a big storm came and racked it all to pieces. So it lay for five years, when Dr. Dalton leased part of the property, and fitted up one wing for his sanitarium."

"Oh, I see. There is where I was mixed. I thought the sanitarium was a separate building."

"No. I thought I told you; but probably I omitted to do so. It is of no consequence, however. We shall soon be there, and everything will be made plain."

They came in a few minutes to a division of the road.

One branch led around to the right of the hotel, and the other to the left.

The dummy took the left hand road, and rounded up in front of the wing of the long building at that end.

This was brilliantly lighted.

The grounds in front of the edge of the low bluff which stood about ten feet up from the lake shore were tastefully laid out in lawn and shrubbery.

A fence cut off the land fronting the remainder of the long structure.

This part of the big building looked desolate enough in the moonlight.

The windows were for the most part broken, a big section of the roof had fallen in, and the right wing bulged outward, and seemed ready to fall.

Above the gate at which the carriage stopped was a gilded sign bearing the name "Hygeia Hall."

"Here we are," said Old King Brady, getting out. "Tell the dummy to wait, Harry. We may need to use him as you say."

Harry did the finger act, at the same time giving the man a \$2 tip.

Then he returned, and pushing an electric button in the gate-post, awaited results.

Somewhere in the distance a gong sounded.

A moment later a man armed with a heavy cane, and wearing a uniform, appeared on the walk from some mysterious concealment.

He glanced at the carriage, which could be seen between the high palings, and hurried toward the gate.

"What will you bet we don't get in?" said Young King Brady.

"Patience," replied the old detective. "We shall soon know."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE BRADYS TURNED OUT.

In undertaking this particular case the Bradys had not acted together as they usually do.

Old King Brady in New York had received a call from a rich banker in Chicago, who owned the property on this desolate point.

Harry at the time was in St. Louis, and had joined his partner at Chicago in response to a telegram.

The nature of the work the Bradys had undertaken to do will develop as the story proceeds.

The man came up to the gate and through the palings demanded the Bradys' business.

"We wish to see Dr. Dalton," replied the old detective.

"He will not see you. It is after hours. No visitors are admitted."

"We are not visitors. We have business with the doctor."

"It makes no difference. My orders are to admit no one."

"I can't help what your orders are. I have a letter to Dr. Dalton from Mr. Cammeyer, the owner of this property. Here is it. You will deliver it to the doctor at once."

The man took the letter, which was shoved through the palings, doubtfully.

"It will be as much as my job is worth," he growled.

Old King Brady made no answer, and the man went off with the letter.

"Rebuff No. 1," said Harry. "I'll bet we get fired out."

"It won't help the doctor's case a bit if we do, but I don't expect it. The man is under suspicion, and he knows it. He will at least see us."

"I doubt it."

"Stop your croaking. This fellow has paid no rent for a year. He has violated his contract with Cammeyer in every particular. Then there is another matter. He will have to come off his perch or be dispossessed. He knows that well enough."

"I think you said that he claims to be doing no business on account of this 'Green Lady.'"

"Such is his claim. Cammeyer doubts it, however. He was not allowed to go through the asylum on the occasion of his last visit. He had to take the doctor's word for everything."

"How much money has the doctor spent here?"

"Oh, not so much. This end of the building was scarcely damaged at all by the big storm which wrecked the rest of it. Cammeyer asserts that a couple of thousand will certainly cover his outlay. But here comes our man again. Now we shall see."

The man, without speaking, unlocked the gate and admitted the Bradys.

"You will follow me," he then said.

Having locked the gate, he led the detectives up to the house.

They ascended to a broad piazza.

A stout woman with curly hair stood in the open doorway, ready to receive them.

"You will step this way, gentlemen," she said.

The Bradys entered a spacious hall, the floor of which was bare and waxed.

Throwing open a door, the woman ushered them into a scantily furnished reception room, informing them that the doctor would join them in a moment.

"So you see, Harry, you were dead wrong!" whispered the old detective. "We are going to see the doctor, after all."

Their wait was a short one.

In a few moments a heavy step was heard in the hall, and the door opening, a short, stout, red-faced man entered the room.

He was flashily dressed, wearing a Tuxedo coat, white spats, a flaming red tie with a huge diamond stud, while another diamond of even greater value glittered in a ring.

"Well, gentlemen!" he exclaimed, adjusting a pair of eye-glasses, "what is your pleasure? You insist upon seeing me. Here I am. Has Cammeyer sent you to collect the rent?"

"Dr. Dalton, I believe," said Old King Brady.

"Yes; I'm Dr. Dalton! Who the deuce else should I be? You are Old King What's-his-name, the detective, I presume?"

This last speech was intended for a crusher.

It did not crush.

Old King Brady had been fully prepared for Dr. Dalton's insolence by Mr. Cammeyer.

"Yes; I am Old King Brady," he quietly replied. "This gentleman is my partner. Mr. Cammeyer's letter stated our business. We have been engaged by him to investigate this Green Lady mystery, and here we are."

"And may I ask how you expect to conduct your investigations?"

"In whatever way seems best, doctor. You decline to pay rent on the ground that this building is haunted. We are here to find and capture the ghost."

"That's all very well. I have told Cammeyer that the only thing for him to do is to pull down the wreck, and the ghost will go with it. He agreed to do that if I would repair this wing. He has not done it. I shall spend no more money until he does."

"But the Green Lady."

"The Green Lady will go with the building. I can't run a sanitarium with a ghost in it frightening my nervous patients out of their wits."

"If your patients are insane people I should not imagine they would object to a ghost or two."

Old King Brady slightly smiled as he said it.

He could hardly help it. The doctor's claim seemed so far-fetched.

"My patients would not necessarily be all insane if it was not for the ghost," retorted the doctor. "As it is, I can keep none but those who are insane here."

"Will you kindly explain about the Green Lady, so that we may understand?"

"There is little to explain. The figure of a woman

dressed in green appears at times in the corridors, and even enters the rooms. She is perpetually weeping, and wringing her hands. When spoken to she demands her boy."

"Does this figure enter rooms where the doors are locked?"

"Certainly. Ghosts care nothing for locked doors, as everybody knows. She appears and disappears. She has scared away patient after patient. I have been obliged to confine what little business I have to those actually insane. Several rich and good-paying patients afflicted with nervous breakdown have been driven out on account of this mysterious business. They have spread reports about my place, and I have been unable to get any more of that sort of business, which is what I need to make the place go."

"But why do you think the destruction of the big house would lay the ghost?"

"Because she always comes from that direction. Strange lights are seen at night in the ruins. The green lady is also seen pacing the piazza, and peering out of the windows. The thing has got on the nerves of my patients, and no wonder. That's the story, gentlemen. You can do nothing. What we want is a wrecking crew to pull down the old roost, and give me a chance to fix up my place."

"Mr. Cammeyer claims that he made you no such promise, doctor."

"He made me a verbal promise to that effect, and he knows it. He must live up to his agreement or he gets no rent."

"And in the meantime he has sent us to lay the ghost. If you can accommodate us here a few days, we——"

"I can't do it!" cried the doctor angrily. "You can't stay here even for to-night. I will admit no strangers into my place to oblige Cammeyer or anyone else."

"But——"

"There are no buts to be considered. I shall not stand for this. Cammeyer can't dispossess me. I hold his written agreement that I shall have three years leeway, and that I am not to be called upon to pay rent unless I myself can make this place pay."

"And we are here to help you out in your trouble. There is to be no expense put upon you. Even our board while we remain will be paid."

"You can't stay here. I won't take you as boarders!" bellowed Dr. Dalton. "Do you suppose I want a couple of detectives prowling around my place and meddling with my affairs? Cammeyer must be a fool to think that I would stand for such a thing."

"Then you decline our assistance, doctor."

"I do. I have told you so three or four times."

"But we have had a long ride over from Wanakee. Surely you will allow us to remain here for this one night."

"I won't do anything of the sort. You can't stay here,

so the sooner you take yourselves off the better. Gentlemen, you have heard my ultimatum. Now go!"

"Very well, Dr. Dalton," said Old King Brady. "We will report our pleasant reception to Mr. Cammeyer."

"Report and be blowed!" thundered the doctor, throwing open the door. "Go!"

"It was a case of must."

The Bradys did not stand upon the order of their going. They simply went.

The man with the cane was ready to open the gate for them.

He looked as if he would like to say something, but he did not speak.

The dummy was ready with his carriage, and the Bradys entering were driven away.

"Well, Governor, so it turned out about as we thought it would," remarked Harry. "What are we going to do now?"

"What you said," replied the old detective, quietly.

"Roost in the ruin?"

"Exactly."

"But my suggestion carries with it one very grave objection which never once occurred to me."

"Which is what?"

"Which is grub, or rather the want of grub."

"There is no such want, Harry."

"What do you mean?"

"You remember my big grip? You asked me what I had in it, and I declined to answer, on the ground that it would be good mental exercise for you to curb your curiosity."

"Do you mean to say——"

"Yes."

"That the grip spells grub?"

"It contains nothing else."

"Well, well! You think of everything."

"This was fully anticipated. Mr. Cammeyer told me exactly what sort of a man the doctor was. We camp out in the ruin. Such was my intention from the very first."

"Well, you might have told a fellow about it," said Harry.

But he did not refer to the subject again, for he knew that this semisecrecy was Old King Brady's way.

Behind the wing occupied by Dr. Dalton a stretch of ground to the extent of about an acre had been enclosed within a high fence.

This fence came right up against the building, and beyond it there was just a stretch of sand extending to the ruined hotel.

The Bradys stopped the dummy after they had rounded the big sand-hill where their doings could not possibly be seen from the private mad-house.

Harry, following his chief's instructions, gave the dummy another two-dollar bill, and exacted a promise from him that he would not tell the stable-keeper of their

doings, but simply say, if asked, that he had left them at Dr. Dalton's place.

And until the surrey was out of sight the Bradys stood there in the moonlight watching it.

"Now, then," cried Harry, when it finally disappeared, "do we tackle the ghost?"

"Now for the Green Lady," replied the old detective, picking up the grip.

But Harry took it from him, and they started over the sand for the ruined hotel.

### CHAPTER III.

#### YOUNG KING BRADY SEES THE GREEN LADY.

The Bradys entered the ruined hotel through a basement door.

Producing his little electric dark-lantern, Old King Brady did the pioneer act until they found a room on the second floor which seemed to suit their purpose.

It had a door with a good lock on it, and the key was in the lock.

It also had a window which was not broken.

As the hotel had been stripped of its furnishing after the failure, the room offered no other sleeping accommodations than the soft side of a plank.

But there were blankets strapped to the grip, and as the detectives are well used to roughing it, this did not disturb them at all.

The grip itself proved to contain provisions which would serve the detectives for at least two days.

There was also a supply of matches, a good dark-lantern of the ordinary pattern, and other things likely to prove useful in such a case as they had undertaken.

"We will have a bite to eat, Harry, and then make a tour of the building," said Old King Brady. "Perhaps we shall run into the Green Lady. Who knows?"

"The objection is that our light may be seen," replied Harry.

"It is no objection. If such is the case, we simply hide, and the ghost is held accountable."

"What absolute rubbish for a man like Dr. Dalton to talk!"

"Ghosts?"

"Sure."

"Doubtless he has his reason. Mr. Cammeyer told me the story of the Green Lady, however. She antedates Dr. Dalton's coming here."

"Oh, indeed! I didn't understand that."

"Yes; it seems that the story originated through the drowning of a little boy in the lake. His mother went crazy over the affair, and committed suicide in the hotel before they could remove her. It was the time green dresses were all the go, and she was so dressed."

"And afterwards she haunted the room?"

"So it is said. You heard what Dr. Dalton had to say about her flitting about wringing her hands and calling for her child?"

"Certainly."

"Well, he only repeated the old story, which had become common talk among the guests in the hotel before it finally closed up."

"I see. That puts rather a different face on it, for those who believe in ghosts, at least."

"Yes; he has made the most of the legend. Cammeyer himself has no belief in it."

"But you have?"

This was a hit at Old King Brady, who is just a bit superstitious.

"We shall see. I have no doubt that we shall be treated to a sight of the Green Lady," was the reply. "But who or what she turns out to be is another thing."

The Bradys had their bite, and then started through the hotel.

They wandered through many corridors, and came at last to a stout board partition which cut off the ruin from Hygeia Hall.

This partition they found on each floor, even in the cellar.

There seemed to be absolutely no communication with the madhouse.

Into the east wing they did not venture.

On the upper floor the fallen roof choked up everything.

Below they could have gone in easily enough, but the structure looked so shaky that they decided to wait for daylight before making the attempt.

They now walked out on what had once been the hotel lawn.

This was cut off from Dr. Dalton's ground by a close board fence, about twenty feet high.

"We shall be seen from the window," said Harry.

"I daresay," replied Old King Brady. "Let them see us. Sooner or later the doctor is bound to find that we are hanging around here. He doesn't lease this end of the building, so he has nothing to say."

But in spite of these remarks, Old King Brady kept a good watch on the windows of Hygeia Hall.

He saw no one, however.

Several of the windows were lighted up.

This seemed to indicate that there must be quite a number of people living in the place.

The lawn was no longer a lawn.

Some big storm had strewn it over with sand and gravel.

It extended down to the level of the lake. The low bluff in front of Hygeia Hall had here been cut away.

But even at the beach there was no communication with Dr. Dalton's premises, for the fence extended nearly thirty feet out into the lake.

"What a frightfully lonely place," remarked Harry, as the Bradys stood together looking off on the lake.

"It certainly is," replied the old detective.

"Just the worst ever for nervous people."

"Indeed, yes. If the doctor's patients are not mad when they are brought here I should think they would speedily become so."

Just then a very bright light shot up in the far distance.

"What on earth is that?" cried Harry, pointing.

"Fire!" said Old King Brady.

"It's a long way off."

"That must be South Chicago, Harry. It might even be at the Stock Yards."

"It's burning to beat the band."

"Yes, but it doesn't concern us. Now, there is something I want to talk to you about."

"Well?"

"Mr. Cammeyer had another reason beside the rent question and the Green Lady for sending for us."

"Ah, I thought so. You have hinted at that before."

"And now I am going to explain."

"You have developed a beautiful way of keeping matters to yourself of late, Governor."

"Never mind about that now. I explain when I get good and ready."

"All right. Go on."

"You must know, then, that recently Mr. Cammeyer received a letter from his Toronto correspondent, a Mr. Isaac Goodkind. This man has a sister, a Mrs. Bauer, who for some three years has been insane. This woman, and through her a six-year-old boy, is to come into a large estate in Germany now in the hands of her grandfather, a man nearly a hundred years old, also named Goodkind."

"Well, and what has she been doing?" demanded Harry, as the old detective paused.

"She has been disappearing, and the boy with her," replied Old King Brady. "They mysteriously vanished about six months ago, and are supposed to be dead. The theory is that the mad woman drowned herself and her son in Lake Ontario."

"And who gets the Goodkind estate when the old man in Germany croaks in that case?"

"It goes to Bauer, who is first cousin to his wife. Goodkind, it seems, offended his grandfather, and is not recognized by him. The little boy, whose name is Simon Meyer, is Mrs. Bauer's child by a former marriage. Old Goodkind's will divides the property between mother and son, with Bauer as residuary legatee in case of their death."

"So as matters stand Bauer comes in for the whole business."

"He does. He has already announced the death of his wife and stepson, and is now in Germany in attendance upon the old man, who is expected to die any time. Goodkind, however, refuses to believe in his sister's death. His theory is that Bauer has her locked up in some private



madhouse. Recently he learned in a roundabout way that just previous to his departure Bauer sent a check for a thousand dollars to this Dr. Dalton, which fact still further aroused his suspicions."

"Ah, ha! Now we are getting down to business. What next?"

"Next Goodkind sends a private detective to interview Dr. Dalton. The man was well received and shown through the establishment. Dr. Dalton declared that he knew nothing of Mrs. Bauer, and that the check was in payment for some stocks which he had sold to Bauer. He proved this by referring to the secretary of the mining company which issued the stock."

"That ought to be conclusive."

"And so it would be were it not for the fact that Goodkind has positively ascertained that the stock is worthless. He now believe that the transaction was a mere blind, and that Dr. Dalton either has Mrs. Bauer and the boy in his charge, or has placed her elsewhere."

"And he engaged Cammeyer to look into the matter?"

"Exactly. This he did upon finding out that Cammeyer owned this property. Mr. C. at once suggested that we be engaged, and Goodkind readily assenting, here we are."

"Well, this puts a new face on the affair."

"Exactly. You see now that this is no mere matter of ghost-laying and rent collecting. If we succeed in solving the Bauer mystery we shall come in for a big reward, for in case of Mrs. Bauer's death or incapacity, the Meyer boy gets the whole fortune, and Goodkind as his guardian will have the use of the money until he comes of age."

"What business are these people in?"

"Goodkind is a banker, and Bauer a general commission merchant. They are all rich people."

"The fire seems to be dying down, Governor."

"Yes. Well, we have seen all we want to out here. Let us return to the hotel. I'll take a sleep, and you can call me at midnight. Between us we will watch these premises till morning, so that if the Green Lady puts in an appearance we may pay our respects to her."

The Bradys then returned to the room.

"Is it necessary for me to stay here all the time?" asked Harry.

"Not at all," replied Old King Brady. "I can lock the door. You can then wander about at your own sweet will."

"I'll remain here for the present, at all events," said Harry, "but it is going to be slow work sitting here in the dark, and none too easy to keep awake."

"I see no objection to keeping the larger dark lantern lighted."

"That's a blessing, anyway. Well, get your sleep, Governor. I'll do the best I can."

So Old King Brady rolled himself up in the blankets, and with the now emptied grip for a pillow, stretched himself upon the floor.

The old detective has trained himself to go to sleep on the moment, and to awake just as easily.

He was therefore soon snoring, and until ten o'clock Harry maintained his lonely watch.

Feeling sleepy then, he went out, and locking the door behind him wandered through the deserted corridors.

This had been arranged for.

Old King Brady, with a little tool which he always carries, could instantly shoot the bolt of the lock.

Harry remained wandering about the house and grounds for an hour, and then returned to the room.

Old King Brady roused up, and asked what time it was, and if anything had happened.

Being informed on these points, he went to sleep again.

For half an hour Harry remained in the room, and then went out to take another turn before arousing the old detective.

He descended to the piazza, and then went down to the lake front.

There was but one light visible in Dr. Dalton's upper rooms.

Harry stood for a little while smoking and staring up at the building.

It was almost midnight, and if the green ghost was to appear at all now would be about her time, he thought.

It was while thus watching that Harry suddenly perceived a light flitting from window to window in the upper story of the long hotel.

"By Jove, something doing at last!" he thought. "Can it be the Governor, though?"

Old King Brady's room, however, was on the floor below.

On the top floor, as Harry knew, the doors were all open, so if anyone was merely walking through the corridor with a lantern the light would show.

For a few moments Young King Brady continued to watch.

The light flitted from window to window until it reached the ruined wing, where it suddenly vanished.

There was a stairway here.

Harry waited, expecting to see the light reappear on the next floor.

But it didn't.

The next he saw of it was at the end of the piazza in front of the ruined wing.

Suddenly it flashed up and remained fixed.

"I'll know what that means if it takes a leg," Young King Brady said to himself.

The light now streamed along the piazza nearly its entire length.

Drawing his revolver, Young King Brady started forward, but taking good care to keep well in the shadow of the fence.

Then all at once he beheld the sight which rumor had attached to the ruined hotel.

Coming along the piazza in the line of the light, was a woman of medium height.

She was bareheaded, and dressed entirely in green.

As she advanced she could be seen wringing her hands.

It was rather startling to say the least.

"The Green Lady!" gasped Young King Brady.

At the same instant the light was snuffed out and the figure disappeared.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE STRANGE DOINGS OF THE NIGHT.

"Come!" thought Young King Brady, "ghost or no ghost, I'll find you, my lady, if you are to be found."

He ran to the piazza at full speed.

Producing his electric dark-lantern, he hurried along its entire length.

Nothing came of it.

When he reached the place where the light had appeared, as nearly as he could locate it, he found only boarded-up windows.

The piazza here had sunk, and was very unsafe to walk upon, aside from the fact that the bulging wall of the ruined wing was liable to collapse at any moment.

As every one of the lower windows of this end of the hotel was boarded up, it was hard to see how the person operating the light could have got out of the building.

Finding nothing satisfactory here, Young King Brady returned to the main entrance of the hotel, and pushed about on the lower floor.

But there was nothing doing here either, so he went on up to the room.

Again Old King Brady roused up as he entered.

"Has my time come?" he asked.

"It has, Governor."

"Good. What's the word?"

"I have just seen the Green Lady!"

"Well, well! What was she like?"

"Well, she was a woman dressed in green, all right, and she went along the piazza wringing her hands, just as we were told."

"When was this?"

"Just about midnight, ten minutes or so ago."

"The ghost was right on time."

"Yes; but there was more to it."

Harry then told about the lights.

"This must be looked into," said Old King Brady. "But I'll attend to it. You take your sleep."

"I can just as well make a night of it if you say so, Governor. I don't like the idea of leaving you to go it alone."

"Nonsense! I'm good for a dozen ghosts. We may have two or three nights of this. You go to sleep."

And as Young King Brady never pretends to dispute with his chief, this command was obeyed.

Old King Brady now started in on the watch.

He adopted a different course from Harry.

After making the rounds of the corridors on each floor, he stationed himself in the lobby close to the main door."

Here for an hour he stood motionless.

Nothing which occurred on the piazza could escape him.

It was while thus watching that Old King Brady perceived a small steamer out on the lake.

The moon had now risen, and but for this fact the detective would never have seen the steamer, for she displayed no lights.

"That's strange," thought Old King Brady. "She seems to be heading inshore here."

The steamer advanced to within a hundred yards of the beach.

Old King Brady could now see men moving about the deck.

They were getting ready to drop anchor, and this they presently did.

The anchor down, a man walked forward and seemed to be doing something at the bow.

Suddenly a broad beam of light was flashed across the water upon the hotel.

It was only for an instant, however.

The light then vanished as suddenly as it had appeared.

"Wheels within wheels," muttered the old detective. "Caring for the insane isn't the only business transacted at this madhouse, if I am any judge."

Then, all in an instant, a light was again flashed across the open space in front of the hotel.

But it did not come from the steamer this time.

Instead, it appeared to have been thrown from one of the upper windows of the hotel itself.

Its duration was as brief as the other light had been.

But it came a second time, following immediately upon the first.

As soon as the second light was flashed Old King Brady saw the man at the steamer's bow turn, run rapidly along the deck, and disappear.

"This is getting interesting," he muttered.

The thought had scarcely been expressed when his attention was attracted by a moaning sound behind him. Old King Brady wheeled about.

There, standing on the bend of the broad staircase, he saw the Green Lady.

She was as Harry had seen her, but with a difference.

Now her head seemed to be illuminated.

From her hair a strange phosphorescent light glowed.

Her eyes were fixed upon the detective, and she kept wringing her hands.

As Old King Brady started for the stairs he heard her call in low, moaning tones:

"My child! I want my child!"

Old King Brady crept on cautiously.

Suddenly the strange figure gave an animal-like cry, and turning glided up the stairs.

Old King Brady hurried after her.

He did not draw his dark lantern.

The light from the woman's head guided him.

From behind it could not be seen, but it struck on in front of her.

Gaining the corridor, she ran with incredible swiftness toward the partition which separated the ruin from Dr. Dalton's madhouse.

"Ah! I thought so!" muttered Old King Brady. "Whatever that steamer mystery means, I shall have to let it rest for a bit. My business is with the Green Lady now."

He drew his dark lantern, and flashed the light ahead.

The partition was to all appearance as solid as ever.

But as the Green Lady neared it a section suddenly shot aside.

Then in a twinkling the figure vanished.

The partition did not close, however.

Old King Brady halted when he reached it.

"This may be a trap to catch me," he thought. "I must go slow here."

He looked ahead.

Beyond the partition was a narrow passage way with gaily papered walls.

A door stood open at its end, and there a light burned.

Old King Brady saw that he was looking into Dr. Dalton's madhouse, but he hesitated to enter.

He stooped and examined the floor.

There was a groove here for the partition to run in.

The detective saw that it could be easily and noiselessly operated.

For ten minutes and more he waited.

Profound silence reigned.

Then, suddenly at the door at the other end of the passage the Green Lady appeared.

"Come!" she called. "Come and save me! Save my child!"

Now, instead of using her hands, she beckoned to the old detective.

It was too much to be resisted.

For the instant Old King Brady forgot his caution.

He started for the Green Lady, and as a result had the satisfaction of setting himself down for a fool.

Instantly the partition shot into place behind him.

In front it was the same.

The light and the Green Lady vanished.

The door noiselessly closed, and the old detective found himself penned in the passage in the dark.

When Old King Brady left Harry he locked him in,

knowing that he could easily get out again if he chose to do so.

Harry rolled himself up in the blankets, and tried to get asleep.

But in this he was not so lucky as his chief.

Sleep would not come at first, and when it did come and Harry dropped off for a few moments, it was only to awaken suddenly with a start.

But at last Harry did drop off into dreamland, and remain there for a time.

How long this was he could scarcely have told, when he was suddenly aroused by a slight noise.

He raised his head and listened.

There was somebody fumbling at the door.

"That's never the Governor," thought Young King Brady. "Something doing! I must keep on the alert."

He did not rise, however.

The Bradys have certain rules which they always follow.

What Harry did was to draw his revolver from his hip pocket and place it under the grip where he could reach it on the instant.

It was his policy to lead the intruder on.

Still the noise continued.

Harry understood the sounds.

Someone was trying to open the door with a bit of wire.

With the corner of one eye open, Young King Brady waited.

In a minute or two the door swung back, and a tall, slim young man peered into the room.

In one hand he held a revolver, and in the other a dark lantern like Harry's.

It would seem to be the time for action now.

But something impelled Harry to hold quiet, and he never moved.

The man stared for a few minutes, and then stole into the room.

As he came in he pocketed his revolver and lantern.

The moonlight came streaming into the room, and this he evidently considered sufficient for his purpose.

Fumbling in his pocket, he drew out a little medicine case.

From this he took a bottle, and out of the bottle a big black pill.

For a moment he stood over Young King Brady, listening to his regular breathing.

Harry understands perfectly how to feign sleep.

He had not the least fear of detection.

"He's off sound enough all right," he heard the fellow mutter, "but I'll put him sounder."

He knelt down and dropped the pill into Harry's mouth, which was partly open.

Young King Brady caught it under his tongue.

Immediately he pressed his tongue down upon it and

held it there. The young man meanwhile beat a hasty retreat.

"Good job I was awake, or this might have been my finish," thought Harry, as he slipped the pill out of his mouth.

He lay still, not daring to move.

"Great Scott! If they are trying to poison me what have they done to the Governor?" he thought.

Getting on his feet now, he looked out of the window.

There lay the little steamer, plainly visible in the moonlight.

"What on earth is all that about?" Young King Brady asked himself.

At the same instant he saw what the old detective had seen—a bright light shone apparently from one of the upper windows of the hotel, which was flashed over the water.

Still watching, he saw a man on the deck of the steamer suddenly spring up and run toward the door of a deck-house.

Apparently he gave some signal, for in a few minutes four other men came out through the door.

A hatch was then raised, and a small boat lowered alongside.

Still watching, Harry saw a number of boxes lifted from the hold by a block and fall, and let down into the boat.

Two of the men were already in the boat, and they stowed the stuff away.

After the boat was full it was pulled to the beach.

Now two other men came down from the hotel with wheelbarrows.

These received the boxes, and wheeled them in the direction of the ruined wing.

"Smugglers!" thought Young King Brady. "Good place this to land brandy and cigars from Canada. Part of this mysterious business at least is explained. I wonder where the Governor is, and if he is taking in all this?"

He concluded to go in search of Old King Brady, and he did so.

For half an hour he wandered about the corridors trying to find him, but it was all no use.

During this search Harry looked out of the windows many times.

The boat made several trips to and from the steamer, each time returning loaded with all she could carry.

The two men who received the stuff worked noiselessly and steadily.

At last the job was finished, the boat was hauled up, the anchor raised, and the strange craft steamed away.

Harry now returned to the room.

He was not at all disturbed about Old King Brady.

"I don't believe they got him," he assured himself. "The Governor must have caught on when that steamer came in here. He is probably hiding somewhere, and will turn up in good time."

He rolled himself up in the blanket again and waited.

After a while he heard stealthy footsteps coming along the corridor.

But it was not Old King Brady.

Harry knew his walk too well to be deceived.

In a moment the door opened and the slim young man peered in again.

Harry was snoring, of course.

The young man gave one glance and cautiously closing the door, hurried away.

## CHAPTER V.

### DR. DALTON INVITES THE BRADYS TO BREAKFAST.

Old King Brady felt like kicking himself when he found how neatly he had been trapped.

A moment's examination revealed the hopelessness of his situation.

The passage was nothing but an iron-lined cell.

Everywhere Old King Brady struck the walls there was iron behind the paper.

That there was no means of operating these movable partitions from within he felt well assured.

But notwithstanding this, he brought his dark lantern into play, and made a careful search for secret springs.

It was entirely unsuccessful.

Old King Brady soon came to the conclusion that there was just one thing to do, and that was to possess his soul in patience.

"Sooner or later I shall have a call from my friend, Dr. Dalton," he said to himself. "He is the only one to prescribe in this case. I must wait."

But the wait extended over several hours.

When the end came it was in a peculiar way.

Tired of peering about in the darkness, and not wishing to exhaust the battery of his electric lantern, Old King Brady stood leaning against the wall, with his eyes closed, when a faint noise suddenly attracted his attention.

He opened his eyes just in time to see the partition toward the hotel moving away.

Daylight streamed in from the hotel corridor.

"Now comes trouble," thought the old detective, whipping out his revolver.

He expected to see somebody appear in the breach.

Nobody appeared.

Old King Brady waited but for an instant.

The door was open, and he walked out.

Again he expected to find himself up against the enemy. But no!

There was no one visible, nor did the old detective see anyone until walking along the corridor he suddenly beheld Harry coming up the stairs.

"Great Scott, Governor! Where in the world have you been?" he exclaimed.

"I've been locked in," replied the old detective, dryly.

"Is that so?"

"Yes! I've made an ass of myself, Harry. Don't you ever give it away, but I allowed myself to be trapped in the most beautiful style."

"Anybody damaged you in any way?"

"Damaged me? No, indeed! I haven't seen anybody but the Green Lady. She was the bait I snapped at."

"So? Then I can't say that I particularly blame you, since it was to find her we came here."

"What became of that steamer?"

"Oh, she's gone long ago. I've been hunting all over for you. I was just about ready to tackle the doctor on your account."

"We'll tackle him later on his own account. But let us get down to business. Notes! You first!"

This meant that Harry should tell his story of what had happened, and when this was done Old King Brady contributed his share.

"It is very plain what keeps the doctor here," remarked the old detective. "Well, it's a splendid place for smuggling."

"Do you think that pill would have poisoned me, Governor?"

"No, I don't. If the doctor had intended to put us out of the way he had every chance to operate on me. Let's see your pill."

Harry produced it.

Old King Brady cut it in two and smelled of it.

"Just an ordinary opium pill," he declared. "If you had taken it you would probably still be asleep, but I don't believe there is enough of the drug in it to hurt you."

"What shall we do?"

"Well, one thing we won't do, and that is try to conceal our presence here any longer. Let's go to the room, and get breakfast; while we eat we will think."

Various plans were discussed during the detectives' cold meal.

"Of course, we could jump to Chicago and have a U. S. marshal here with a posse to arrest this man in short order," remarked the old detective, "but I doubt if that is the best way."

"It might ruin our chances of finding the Bauer woman and her child."

"That is it; I think we had better hang around here, show ourselves, and wait for the doctor to make the next move."

"That is just the way it seems to me."

"Then that is agreed upon. We shall hear from him—don't you fret. Of course he knows that I saw the steamer."

"It's a wonder he didn't try to do us up, Governor."

"Oh, I don't know. There are lots of criminals who will go into all sorts of crime but will shy at murder. The doctor may be one of these."

"I know it is your theory that a big bluffer is usually a timid man."

"Yes, it is so in nine cases out of ten. Let's get down into the open and put ourselves into evidence. I am curious to see what they will do."

So for the next hour the Bradys strolled about in front of the hotel.

But it was early yet, and there was nothing doing.

It was impossible to see over the fence unless from the upper windows of the ruin.

After a while the Bradys adjourned to one of these to have a look into the yard of the madhouse.

Previous to this, although we neglected to mention it, Harry had been taken to the end of the corridor to see the movable partition.

They found it closed when they reached it, however, and Old King Brady was as unable to budge it on the outside as when he had been a prisoner within.

Stationing themselves in one of the upper windows, the Bradys waited and watched.

It was now about six o'clock.

Not until nearly seven was any sign of life visible about the madhouse.

Then the curly-headed woman came out and swept the piazza.

A little later the man who had received them the night before appeared, and walking to the gate passed out.

"I guess we had better get down," said Old King Brady. "He may be coming around here."

Just as they were about to turn away Dr. Dalton appeared on the piazza.

He drew a whistle from his pocket, and blew a shrill blast.

In a moment the man was seen returning.

He unlocked the gate and entered the grounds.

The doctor walked down the path to meet him, and the Bradys saw him place a letter in the man's hands.

Then the doctor returned to the house, while the man, passing out of the gate and locking it behind him, disappeared.

"We will go down," said the old detective. "I have a strong suspicion that he is coming around here to interview us."

They descended to the piazza and waited.

After a little while the man was seen coming around the corner of the ruined wing.

"Well, my friend, and what brings you here so early?" demanded Old King Brady, as the fellow approached.

"Good-morning, sir," replied the man, lifting his hat. "I have a letter from the doctor, sir. He axed me to bring it around and give it to you."

"Indeed! And how did the doctor know we were staying at this hotel?" asked the old detective, with a smile.

"He saw you out of one of the windows, sir."

"Ah, yes! Exactly. Well, let's have the letter. Is—there any answer?"

"Well, sir, I suppose there is. The doctor told me to tell him what you said, so."

Old King Brady opened the letter and read aloud as follows:

"Dr. Dalton presents his compliments to Old King Brady, and desires that inasmuch as he has chosen to locate on the premises that he join him at breakfast, which invitation is extended to Mr. Brady's partner as well. It is not Dr. Dalton's wish that any friend of Mr. Cammeyer should go hungry. Breakfast is served at eight, at which hour or before Dr. Dalton will be pleased to welcome the Bradys to Hygeia Hall."

"You can say to the doctor that we will accept his invitation," he said at length.

"All right, sir," replied the man, preparing to leave.

"Stay," said Old King Brady, "is there no way of getting through the fence?"

"No, there isn't, sir. You will have to go around, unless I pass you over a ladder. There is no gate, so."

"Is there no door in the partition which cuts off the hotel from the doctor's wing?"

"No, there isn't, sir. There is no way at all."

"All right; never mind the ladder. We will come around."

The man then withdrew.

It was impossible to tell by studying his face what was passing in the fellow's mind.

"I suppose you think I am going it rather strong, Harry," the old detective remarked as soon as they found themselves alone.

"Well, I think it is a big risk considering what we have seen."

"So do I. And I say right here, if you are not prepared to take the risk I will not go, in spite of what I told that man."

"Oh, I don't say that, Governor. Your judgment goes every time with me, and you know it very well."

"Exactly; but this is a peculiar case. I consider the risk in accepting this invitation very great, Harry. In such a case you must have your say."

"I say what you say."

"Very well; then we will go, and I'll tell you why. You know we don't like long cases."

"Yes."

"This might run on indefinitely if we remain as we are. The doctor does not dare to interfere with us here. He doesn't know who we have told that we were coming here. He wants to get in touch with us, and if we want to bring matters to a focus, as we do, I see no quicker way of accomplishing it than for us to assume this risk."

"I'm ready."

"Some trick will be surely tried on us."

"I think so."

"But that may prove the very thing we need to bring matters to a head."

"Consider it settled, Governor. We go."

"Let us see if we can find where they stowed away those boxes," said Old King Brady. "We may not get as good a chance again."

They had already examined the front and end of the ruined wing, but could find no open entrance, nor did the boards appear to have been disturbed at the doors and windows.

Now they ventured into the wing itself, and made a fairly thorough examination.

It amounted to nothing, however, and as it was now getting along toward eight o'clock, the Bradys started for Hygeia Hall.

## CHAPTER VI.

### OLD KING BRADY PUTS IT UP TO THE DOCTOR.

Dr. Dalton's gate was locked as usual when the Bradys reached it.

There were three gentlemen and a lady strolling about the lawn.

Standing near the fence, with his eyes fixed upon them, was the slim young man who had administered the pill.

He was evidently watching the strollers, but he glanced up when he saw the Bradys at the gate.

"That's my pill man, Governor," said Harry, as Old King Brady pressed the electric button.

"So? He is evidently one of the keepers, and those others, I take it, are patients. Ah, here comes our man now."

The gate-keeper was armed with his cane now.

As he hurried down the gravel walk one of the gentlemen separated himself from the others and struck across toward the gate.

The slim young man pulled out a whistle and blew it.

The gate-keeper looked around and hurried on.

"So you have come," he said, unlocking the gate. "If you don't mind let that man talk to you a minute. He's away off, but he is one of our best-paying patients, and we have to humor him."

"All right," replied Old King Brady, and the keeper locked the gate.

Meanwhile the lunatic had started to run. He seemed to be determined to head them off.

He was a stout, elderly man, with thin, white hair, and very expensively dressed.

There was nothing particular about his appearance to indicate that he was insane.

"Good-morning, gentlemen! Good-morning!" he called out. "Glad to see you. When did you come down?"

"They came down last night, Mr. Trimble," said the keeper, winking at the detectives. "They came in a fiery chariot. Sure, I seen them when they dropped."

"Silence, beast!" cried the lunatic, with a vicious snap of the jaw. "How often have I told you not to address me by that name. If you cannot address me as Your Imperial Majesty don't speak to me at all."

"Oh, all right, Your Imperial Majesty," sneered the keeper, stepping back.

"Gentlemen, allow me to introduce myself," continued the lunatic. "I am Peter the Great, Czar of all the Russias. What is the news from Heaven? Has anyone tried to usurp my throne up there?"

"Why, no, Your Majesty. They would not dare," replied Old King Brady. "It is time you were thinking about returning, though."

"I suppose it is, but my mission on earth is as yet unfulfilled."

"And what may that be?"

"To restore harmony in my native country, sir. Look at the condition of Russia! My Imperial throne on earth is tottering. If I could once get to Moscow I could soon right matters. Money is what is needed. I brought ten billions of dollars with me from Heaven to be expended in restoring harmony in Russia. I have been unjustly deprived of it, gentlemen. I have also been deprived of my liberty. I am detained here—begone, base wretch! How dare you interfere with me?"

The slim young man had come sneaking up behind the great Peter.

Suddenly he seized him by the shoulder and swung him around.

"Get back!" he said sternly.

Such another torrent of vile abuse as came from the lips of the lunatic then the Bradys never heard.

The slim young man drew out a small rawhide whip.

"Get back!" he repeated.

"Oh, all right. I don't want any trouble with you," replied the lunatic, suddenly quieting down.

He turned and walked away, with the slim young man following close at his heels.

"There they go, and we will go, too," said the gatekeeper, with a chuckle.

"Who is that man?" asked Harry, as they walked along.

"Oh, he's a pork-packer from Kansas City," was the reply. "He's worth all kinds of money. They gets such queer ideas. He thinks he's Peter the Great, Emperor of Rooshia, and that he has been dead for two hundred years, but has come back to earth again."

"That lady seems to be stuck on you; she's throwing kisses this way," remarked the old detective.

The woman had separated herself from the others, and was coming slowly toward them.

She was young and quite good-looking. Her dress was an expensive morning gown, and her bare head was cov-

ered with a mass of yellow hair stuck full of false jeweled hair-pins.

Every now and then she would waft kisses in the direction of the Bradys.

"Sure, it's not to me, but to the young feller," laughed the keeper. "She goes on like that with every young man she sees. But don't mind her. She'll not come here. If he was to try to go toward her she'd let out a yell and run like a goat, so she would."

"Has the poor soul been mad long?" asked Old King Brady.

"So I believe. She has only been here a little while," the gatekeeper replied.

"Are these all your patients?" asked the old detective.

"All what it is safe to let out," was the reply. "We have a few what we keep locked up all the while."

They had now reached the piazza, and as they ascended the steps Dr. Dalton came out through the door.

"Good-morning, gentlemen," he said in the most affable manner. "You are just in time to take breakfast with me. I have changed my mind, you see."

"Why, yes, doctor," replied Old King Brady, with a smile. "This is certainly a little more in the line of a pleasant reception than what we got last night."

"I have been thinking it all over, and I have made up my mind that I was wrong," said the doctor. "Cammeyer certainly has the right to send you here, and I did wrong to turn you away. You see, I am a man who is willing to acknowledge himself in the wrong. I don't go down on my knees and ask you to forgive, but what I do say is, let us be friends."

As he said this Dr. Dalton thrust out his hand.

"By all means," replied Old King Brady, shaking hands. "You are quite right, doctor."

"And I have changed my mind in the matter of the rent," continued the doctor, when he had shaken hands with Harry. "I have decided to pay up. Before you leave I will give you a check for the full amount I owe."

"Send it to Mr. Cammeyer," replied Old King Brady. "I am not collecting rents for him."

"As you will. Step this way. I will show you to the wash-room where you can fix up a bit. I'm afraid you put in rather an uncomfortable night next door."

"Oh, it might have been worse," laughed Old King Brady. "We are well used to the soft side of a plank. A good wash-up will put us right."

The doctor showed the detectives to a wash-room, where they soon made their toilettes.

He was waiting for them in the hall when they came out, and he personally conducted them into a small room where the breakfast table was spread with covers for three.

"I am a bachelor, gentlemen," said the doctor, "and I usually breakfast alone. Glad to have company, naturally. Be seated. I will ring the bell."

The bell was answered by a spruce young colored man.

He proved to be the waiter, and the Bradys were served to an excellent breakfast.

Dr. Dalton was affability itself.

He talked on many subjects, and he talked intelligently on all.

But for their previous experience the detectives might well have been excused for putting him down as a most interesting man.

Not a word did he say about his own affairs, nor about the business of the detectives, until breakfast was over, and they had adjourned to the office.

Then, having produced a box of excellent cigars, he turned to Old King Brady and remarked:

"And now, Mr. Brady, I suppose you think that I am doing all this for a purpose: I confess that I am. I have come to the conclusion that Cammeyer is right. If I am to remain in business here this Green Lady mystery must be investigated, and I can think of no one more eminently fitted to undertake the job than yourselves."

"That is very pleasantly put, doctor," replied the old detective, "but how, may I ask, are we to go about it if you are not willing to let us go through your place?"

"But I am willing. I will show you through right now. You can remain here as long as you please. You can go about Hygeia Hall when and how you like. There shall be absolutely no restriction put upon you. Could you ask for more than that?"

"Certainly not."

"Shall we make the rounds now?"

"Just a moment, doctor. Inasmuch as you would not receive us here we thought best to take up our quarters in the hotel last night, as you know."

"And you had your experiences there?"

"We certainly did, and most interesting we found them."

"And most interested I shall be in hearing what they were. You saw the Green Lady?"

"We did. We both saw her, but at different times."

"So? She was as I described her?"

"Substantially so—yes."

"Did she speak?"

"She did to me, but not to my partner."

"She demanded her child, I presume?"

"Yes."

"That is the way she always goes on. Anything else?"

"Oh, yes. I saw a small steamer come in close to shore last night."

"I presume so. It was the Claribel. She runs between Chicago and some of the smaller Michigan lake ports. I have all my provisions brought down in her."

"Indeed."

"You saw them landing my stuff, I daresay? I always have it landed on that side, and at night, for fear of exciting my patients. Mad people are very sensitive, Mr.

Brady, and the greatest care has to be observed in handling them."

"No, we did not see them land anything," said Old King Brady quietly. "As for my partner, he was asleep, at the time."

"But you——"

"Well?"

"If you saw the steamer, how does it happen that you did not see them land the goods?"

"Easily explained, doctor."

"I daresay! You went to sleep, too?"

"Not at all."

"What then?"

"I followed the Green Lady before the landing took place."

"Mr. Brady, you are concealing something from me, sir. I can tell by your manner. Let us be perfectly frank with each other, my dear sir."

"Very well. Then the reason why I failed to see this landing is because I followed the Green Lady into your sanitarium, Dr. Dalton, and I was there made a prisoner, and so kept until daybreak. Now, then, my dear doctor, it is up to you to explain."

## CHAPTER VII.

### DR. DALTON DOUBLES ON THE DETECTIVES.

If Old King Brady expected Dr. Dalton to drop dead at the announcement made at the close of the last chapter he was very much mistaken.

The doctor looked the picture of surprise.

"My dear Mr. Brady!" he exclaimed. "You are most surely mistaken. I can't imagine what you mean."

"No? Well, let me explain in detail just what happened."

"I wish you would. There must be no secrecy between us. Absolutely none. Tell me everything just exactly as it occurred."

Old King Brady did so.

He omitted all mention of Harry and the pill, however.

"And where was your partner all this time?" demanded the doctor, looking worse puzzled than ever.

"Asleep."

"It was on the second floor you say that this happened?"

"Yes."

"It is incredible. My dear sir, I solemnly assure you that there is no such iron room in my establishment. Those partitions were built for me. To the best of my knowledge they are just what they purport to be. There is no movable partition among them. This wing is absolutely cut off from the hotel."



"I accept your word for it, doctor. Evidently this mystery is run by someone beside you."

"It most assuredly is so. But come, I know you suspect me. I don't ask you to take my word for it. As it happens, every room on that side of the wing on the second floor is vacant at the present time. You shall see for yourself."

"I confess, doctor, that I should like to make the examination."

"Certainly! Certainly! And why not? You would be a fool if you didn't. This way, please!"

Dr. Dalton then led the Bradys upstairs.

Here there was a long corridor extending the entire width of the wing.

Opening from it were numerous rooms.

On the right several of the doors were closed, but on the left toward the hotel they were all open.

The front room received light from windows overlooking the lake.

Those in the rear overlooked a large yard, enclosed by the fence before mentioned.

There were a few between the two which were lighted only from shaft extending to the roof. The corridor ended on the left, up against a wooden partition covered with wall paper.

"This is your partition," said the doctor, striking upon it. You can see for yourself that it is solid. Originally the corridor extended right through into the hotel."

"It is twice the width of the passage which I went into," mused the old detective.

"There is no such passage, sir. There is no place for it. You can go into every one of these rooms. The partition runs across the corridor only. The rooms are separated from the hotel rooms by the partitions originally built to so separate them. Did you leave the hotel corridor when you followed the Green Lady last night?"

"I certainly did not, doctor."

"Then you see your position is impossible."

"I trust you do not doubt my word?"

"Not at all. I don't mean that; but your story only adds mystery to mystery."

"It beats me."

"Same with me. But examine all you please, gentlemen. I have business downstairs, and will join you in a few minutes. Go anywhere you like. Only four of these rooms are occupied. Those with the doors closed. They are the rooms of the patients you saw taking their morning exercise when you came in. I would rather you would not attempt to enter those rooms, but wherever you find the doors open go in and out as you please. When I return I will show you the other floors. I have a few violent patients. They are confined on the floor above."

Thus saying, Dr. Dalton turned and hurried away.

The Bradys have arranged for private use a regular code of secret signs.

Harry now received that one which meant:

"We are probably watched, so don't talk private business."

Taking the hint, he began praising the doctor, and they went from room to room.

Coming at last to one of the dark rooms which opened off the corridor, Old King Brady drew his partner over into the further corner, and as they stood there looking into the light shaft he whispered:

"Harry, I have made a discovery."

"Well?" breathed Young King Brady.

"You will observe that this room is the only one unfurnished."

"There is nothing except the carpet."

"Exactly. The carpet and the chandelier."

"Well?"

"The carpet is of the same pattern as that upon which I stood last night."

"Hello!"

"And the chandelier is the one I saw lighted in the distance under which the Green Lady stood."

"By Jove, Governor, you seem to have settled the mystery in part. Then your iron cage must have been where the light shaft is now."

"Exactly. Look out there, Harry."

"Well?"

"See that small, square, boxed-in arrangement running up and down the shaft?"

"It is stuck away in the corner there."

"Just so, and it is painted the color of the brick wall, but it contains an elevator wire rope just the same."

"You think your iron cage was lifted up from below?"

"I do, since we cannot see it above us."

"That's great. But about the corridor."

"I've solved that, too. Don't you remember that the corridor in the hotel took a turn near its end? It didn't turn much, but it did a little. See that supposed brick wall at the opposite side of the light shaft is not brick. It is wood painted to resemble brick!"

"By gracious, your eyes are sharp! That's what it is. I can see it plainly now."

"What I say is that the position of this room is such as to bring it right against the corridor in the hotel, and that the corridor in this wing has been altered to suit. Just how they did it I don't know, and I don't propose to waste any time in trying to find out, but——"

Slam!

The open door shut behind the Bradys.

"Trapped!" cried Harry, making a rush for it.

It was so!

The door was fast shut against them.

"Trapped indeed!" said Old King Brady. "Well, so be it! I expected this."

"It may mean death, Governor."

"Don't you fool yourself! It means nothing of the sort. If this man Dalton had intended to do us up he would have done it last night. It may well mean that we are going to be locked in for a while, though."

"But what can be his motive?"

"It isn't difficult to imagine that he may be thinking of holding us till he hears from Bauer that the elder Good-kind is dead. But wait. We shall be wiser in a minute. I'm curious to see what their next move will be."

Old King Brady spoke only the truth when he said that he expected this sort of thing.

Frequently he has found it advisable to let his enemies temporarily get the best of him in order to force them to show their hand.

It was so in this case.

"Make sure of the revolver in your secret pocket if it comes to a search," said Old King Brady. "Take it easy. We have got a case against the doctor now, all right. He will be arrested next time I get loose."

"And when will that be? I take no such rosy view of the situation," Harry sighed.

"Watch!" said the old detective. "You will see my iron cage in evidence pretty soon."

They took their places at the window, and looked out into the shaft.

And sure enough, in a minute they saw what they had previously taken to be the bottom of the air-shaft get on the move.

It came up slowly, filling the whole shaft.

In a minute the window was blocked off.

Then suddenly the Bradys got a shove in the shins.

They jumped back to see the wall below the window swing back like a door.

At the same instant a door in this strange elevator swung back, and there was just such a cage as Old King Brady had described.

"Will you walk into my parlor, says the spider to the fly!" cried Harry. "Governor, our carriage waits!"

"I see it does, and I am very much of the opinion that we shall be forced to get into it."

"Probably."

"And they won't have to come into the room to make us, either."

"What do you mean?"

"Look at the door?"

"I see nothing peculiar about it, except that it is peculiarly annoying to have it shut."

"Don't you see those two clothes hooks?"

"Yes."

"Look sharp and you will see that both are hinged. They are merely blinds to cover two holes in the door."

"Great Scott! You are right, Governor! You are growing more and more observant every day."

"I wish I could say the same for you then; but you are steadily improving. Ha! There it comes!"

Precisely as Old King Brady had predicted, the two clothes hooks now flew inward.

Two round holes in the door were thus revealed.

And through these holes the shining barrel of two revolvers were thrust.

"Gentlemen!" cried a deep voice outside the door, "you will pass on or we fire. Forward! March!"

There was nothing for it but to obey.

To be sure, the detectives could have taken themselves out of range of the revolvers.

But in that case some other means to coerce them would surely be found, Old King Brady felt.

"We have got to go, Harry," he said.

They stepped into the car.

The floor was as solid as a rock.

During his long stay there, Old King Brady had never once suspected that the car was a movable affair.

Just as they entered they heard a bell ring somewhere below them. The door shot back into place as it had done the night before.

Then the car began to slowly descend.

"I am afraid we are in a fair way to learn more about this madhouse than is pleasant," sighed Old King Brady. "I hope they don't separate us—that's all."

In a moment the motion ceased and the door flew wide open.

There stood a man with a cocked revolver, and a handkerchief tied over the lower part of his face.

Behind him was a second man, holding a rifle, and similarly disguised.

"You will follow me, old man," said he of the revolver. "The young fellow will stop where he is till further orders."

As he spoke the mask began backing away.

"Take us together, friend," said Old King Brady. "If you do there will be a good big stake coming your way if ever we get out of this trouble—understand that."

Old King Brady had no hope that his request would be granted.

What he wanted was just what he accomplished by this remark, to let these men know that he was willing to pay for help.

"Can't be done," was the reply. "You follow me or I fire! Take your choice."

"Oh, I'm coming," said the old detective. "Remember what I tell you, boys. You may find a chance to help us out of this snap. If you do so you will surely be well paid."

He saw the two glance at each other, and he felt sure that his remarks had not been altogether without effect.

The mask now backed along a broad corridor.

It was boarded up on both sides, and they passed three grated doors on the right.

Reaching a fourth, they found it open, and there stood Dr. Dalton in the doorway.

"Ah, Mr. Brady! And have you solved the mystery of my madhouse?" he exclaimed, regarding the old detective with a sardonic smile.

"I have solved the mystery of Dr. Dalton's change of heart," retorted the detective.

"Just so! Walk in," said the doctor. "I have a little

business to transact with you, my friend. You were very anxious to see the inside of my sanitarium. Well, here you are, and it is likely to be a long day before you get out again."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### PRISONERS IN THE MADHOUSE.

Harry's experience with the doctor came later.

For about ten minutes he was kept waiting in the elevator, and then the man with the revolver returned and ordered him to get on the move.

Following him, Harry was conducted to a grated door on the other side of the corridor from where the old detective had been received.

Here the doctor met him, and made a quick search of his clothes.

All he took from him was a revolver and a pocket-knife.

The smaller revolver which Young King Brady always carries in his secret pocket was not found.

"And now, young man, for the present you will remain here," said the doctor. "You and your partner had your chance to avoid all this disagreeable business, and you refused to take it. Now you must take the consequences—that is all."

"I think you will find that you have made a big mistake, doctor," was Harry's reply.

"How so?"

"Wait and see!"

"Pooh! Pooh! No such bluff as that goes down here. Even if a search is made for you it will amount to nothing."

"We shall see!"

"And so we shall. I am leaving you now. Make yourself at home."

The door was shut and a bolt shot on the outside.

"Thank Heaven they did not tie me up," thought Young King Brady. "It might be worse."

He started to look about his cell.

There was little to see.

The room contained only a wooden bench.

The floor was boarded and the walls, with the exception of one, were also of boards.

That wall was made of brick, and up at the top, right under the floor beams, there was a little round opening about as big as an ordinary man's leg.

This was protected by iron bars, and served to let in light and air.

There was also a square opening in the door.

It was not big enough for Harry to pass through, and was likewise barred.

"Interesting," thought Young King Brady. "I wonder how long this is going to last."

He listened for a considerable time, but could hear no sound.

"I don't believe there is anybody down here," he thought. "I'll tackle the Governor."

He pressed his face against the bars, and gave a loud shout.

The answer came promptly.

"Is that you, Harry?"

"Yes! Where are you?"

"Locked in."

"Same with me. Got a window in your room?"

"Yes, if you can call it so. A little round opening with a couple of iron bars across it."

"Same as mine. I've got a bench and nothing else."

"Same here."

"We seem to be alone down here."

"Evidently. If there had been a guard we should have heard from him before this."

"What do you suppose he means to do with us?"

"Well, he talked a bit with me. I judge he means to hold us prisoners for the present. I suppose about now you were wishing we had never come."

"Naturally; all the same, I would do it over again if you said the word."

"You are truly loyal, Harry, but never despair. A way out of this trouble will surely be shown us. It may be a bit slow in coming, but it will come."

"Someone coming now, I think."

"I hear a step."

It proved to be a man with his face masked.

In spite of this Harry, to whose door he came first, instantly recognized him as his pill-giving friend.

He carried two tin cans.

"I've brought you a can of water," he said. "I'm going to push it between the bars."

The can was but a small affair, and closely stoppered.

Harry received it and thanked him.

"Kind of slow work stopping down here," remarked the man.

"You bet it is."

"You'd like to get out, I suppose?"

"Well, naturally."

"Ha, ha! Yes, of course! Oh, well, you can't, you know!"

The slim young man screwed up his face, and gave Harry a comical look.

"He's got something up his sleeve," thought Harry. "I may as well follow the Governor's lead."

"There are more ways than one of killing a cat," he replied.

"Well?"

"I was just going to say that if there is such a thing as giving a fellow a pointer on a way to escape it would be worth good money to you."

"Yes, yes!" laughed the slim young man, "but where would the money come from?"

"Never you mind about that."

"They say Old King Brady is an awful rich man."

"He is worth a dollar or two."

"All the same, I wouldn't take his check."

"You'd open your eyes if you knew how much his check is good for."

"Oh, I know all about that, but checks is so easy stopped."

"As I said before, there is more than one way of skinning a cat."

"Wait. I can't talk any more now. Later on you can put me wise on the cat skinning business—see?"

The young man moved away.

Harry, peering through the bars, saw him pass a can of water into Old King Brady's cell.

He did not attempt to hold any conversation with the old detective, however, but hurriedly took himself off at once.

"What was that fellow talking about, Harry?"

"Hinting around about helping us to escape if he was paid for it. Couldn't you hear?"

"No; I couldn't quite catch what he was saying. Do you think there is anything in it?"

"Don't know. He said he would see me later."

"Did you name any price?"

"No, I didn't. Did he say anything to you?"

"Not a word."

"I'm afraid there's nothing in it."

"It all depends upon how good pay the doctor is."

"One thing is sure, we shall never get out of here without help."

"It is a difficult problem, certainly. However, we shall see."

But it was many hours before the Bradys saw or heard anything.

Dr. Dalton did not again come near them.

The day dragged wearily on.

At noon food was brought to them, and thrust between the bars.

It was the slim young man again, but Harry could not draw him into conversation.

Night came, and supper was served the same way.

After he had passed in the food the slim young man said:

"Say, you want to keep awake along around midnight—see? Better do any sleeping you are intending to do right now."

"There'll be something doing then?" asked Harry.

"Perhaps so, mebbe so, can't say!" was the reply.

Old King Brady tried his hand, but could not get a reply.

Meanwhile the Bradys, you may be sure, had tried every means of opening the doors of their prison.

But it was no use, in spite of the fact that they had all their belongings with them.

The doors were made of heavy plank, and the outside bolts could not be budged.

There were three of these bolts to each door, and to attempt any cutting out would have been a long, tedious job.

"We will put this right through," Old King Brady said. "I still have an idea that these men may take up with my offer. Anyhow, we will wait until to-morrow before we try any move on our own account."

This was said after Harry told him of the last conversation he had with the slim young man.

Shortly after supper Harry threw himself down upon the bench and slept for about two hours.

All was still in Old King Brady's cell when he awoke.

The place was entirely dark, and the loneliness of it all began to get upon Harry's nerves.

He tried to sleep again, but it was no use.

For a long time he paced the floor of his cell.

At last he heard Old King Brady calling.

"Hello, Governor! By gracious, it is good to hear someone's voice!" Harry replied.

"I would have spoken before, but I was afraid of disturbing you."

"Same here. What time is it?"

"Half past eleven," replied the old detective, striking a match and consulting his watch.

"Almost time to hear from Slim Jim, if he means business."

"That's right. All depends upon that now. If he don't come I shall deeply regret that I advised putting ourselves in the doctor's power."

"Listen!"

"I hear nothing."

"It seems to me I heard footsteps."

"You are right! There is certainly someone coming at last."

In the distance, coming along the corridor, footsteps could now be distinctly heard.

In a moment a light appeared, and a rough-looking man carrying a lantern came up to Old King Brady's door.

"Old man, are you awake?" he demanded, looking in.

"I am wide awake, and ready for business, friend," replied the old detective, looking out.

It was one of the men who had assisted in his capture.

Old King Brady recognized him by the clothes he wore.

"You done some hinting about buying your way out of this here snap, boss. Just what did you mean?"

"I meant what I said, and I mean it still."

"You'd like to get free, I suppose?"

"Naturally. Wouldn't you now if you were in our place?"

"Well, rather; but the case hain't exactly the way you may think it is. My name is Tom West."

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. West."

"Have you got any money about you?"

"Some."

"How much?"

"Well, I don't know exactly. Seven or eight hundred dollars."

"It hain't enough. There are three of us to deal with. We want a thousand a-piece."

"I'll go it, but you will have to take a check."

"That's what we won't do. You'd stop it on us, for sure."

"That's the way you would probably do if you were in my place, and I in yours, Mr. West, but I want you to understand that I am a different kind of a man."

"You say so."

"And I mean so."

"It can't be did that way, boss, but there are other ways. I want you to tell me honestly just what your game was in coming here."

Here was a proposition that Old King Brady was scarcely prepared to accept.

To him the chances that the man was merely the doctor's tool sent to pump him were entirely too strong.

But at the same time something certainly had to be done.

"My friend," said Old King Brady, "I'll be frank with you. I want the Green Lady, and I want the boy. If I can get away from here with them I am prepared to pay what you ask, and you'll get your money, too."

It was mere bluff.

"If he tells me that there is a woman and a child confined in this madhouse I am ready to believe that he is not a tool of the doctor's," Old King Brady thought.

"Say!" exclaimed West, "you shall have 'em. I never seen 'em myself, except when the Green Lady was doing the ghost act, and I never seen the young 'un at all, but Mrs. Riggs, the housekeeper, is standin' in with us in this deal, and she says they are here. I'm next to her, and I can make her give them up."

"Ha!" exclaimed the old detective. "That sounds like business. Now prove to me that you are not working for the doctor by telling me the name of this Green Lady, then I'll be ready to believe."

"Her name is Mrs. Bauer," was the prompt reply.

This settled one side of the question.

Old King Brady felt that he had not suffered what he had suffered in Hygeia Hall in vain.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE MADHOUSE PLOT.

"Well, you are evidently my man," said Old King Brady. "Just speak right out, and tell me what can be done."

"Boss, it's like this," replied Tom West, deliberately. "There is nothing doing unless you will swear to me that you will mind your own business, and leave us to mind ours."

"I swear to that."

"Next, there's nothing doing unless you are willing to help us carry out a deal what we have on hand."

"That depends."

"Of course. It depends with us, too. Let me put a few questions to you. I've got to know my ground before I talk out plump and plain."

"Put your questions."

"Will your partner stand for whatever you and me agree to?"

"He will. Harry, isn't it so?"

"It is. I swear it!" Young King Brady called.

He had been listening intently to all this, and the talk was loud enough for him to hear.

"That's all right, then," said West. "Now, then, can either one of you steer a large boat—a steamboat, I mean?"

"We both can."

"Can either one of you do engineer's work aboard?"

"We both can."

"Did you see that steamer last night?"

"I saw it."

"Know what brought her here?"

"Smuggling, I suppose."

"Do you want to arrest that meanest of all mean snoozers who ever drawed the breath of life. I'm talking about Dr. Dalton now."

"Do you want him arrested?"

"No."

"Then we don't care about arresting him. All we want is to get him out of this place, so that the owner can take possession quietly, and above all, to get possession of this Mrs. Bauer and her child."

"And you would be perfectly satisfied with that."

"Perfectly."

"Would you be willing that we should hold you prisoners till we can cash your check?"

"Yes, if you treat us well."

"Then here's the story. Me and two others, including the housekeeper, is going to turn on the doctor to-night. He is making money by the hatful, but he don't pay them as helps him except in promises. We are tired of that game. We are old crooks, boss, and I don't deny it. He got us here for that reason, and he had a right to pay us, but he don't do it, and he means to jump this place and leave us in the lurch."

"Very likely. You ought to know."

"Now, then, the whole thing is here: if we didn't hate this man we wouldn't bother our heads about you. But we do hate him. We want to knock his game, but we don't want him arrested, for he is just one of the kind who would tell all, and then we would surely be in the soup."

"I see. You propose to seize that steamer when she comes again, and make off with the smuggled goods which are now stowed away in the ruined wing of the old hotel."

"Not that one, but another one what's coming to-night."

"So?"

"Yes. To-morrow the stuff will be taken away. It's now or never. There's \$25,000 in brandy, cigars, silks, and kid gloves. We have been working our game for weeks. We know just where to place these goods. Now, along you come, and it gives us a chance to knock old Dalton still further. If you'll give us what cash you've got, and make out three checks for a thousand each, you shall go along with us, and run the steamer, which none of us is able to do. All we ask is that you stop quiet where we are going till we have time to cash the checks."

"And you will then return and set us free?"

"You'll be set free. You won't see us again."

"And when does this seance come off?"

"Right now we begin."

"What do you propose to do with the doctor?"

"We propose to let you capture him and lock him in down here."

"Are there no other servants who will have to be looked after?"

"We shan't bother with them except Bill Howley, the man you saw at the gate. He'll have to be took and locked in. The nigger sleeps sound; there's no fear of him. Besides him there's only the cook, and she would never dare to interfere."

"I see. You three are the keepers, I suppose?"

"We are. Now you know all. Is it a go?"

"It is. We will stand by you just so long as you stand by us."

"You swear it?"

"I swear it."

"And you, young feller?"

"I swear it, too," Harry replied.

"Settled," said West. "Hand out your money, old man."

It was a risk.

Old King Brady had nearly \$800 with him, and he felt that it was a toss-up if he ever saw Tom West again.

But he passed the money through the bars without the least hesitation.

West counted it.

"Say," he exclaimed, "there is one thing I want to ask you to do for me."

"Well?"

"Don't say nothing about this money to the rest of the boys."

"All right."

"If you are asked say you gimme two hundred dollars—see?"

"All right."

For the first time Old King Brady began to feel some assurance that his investment had not been made in vain.

"I'm going now," said West. "In a little while you'll be let out. Mind now, we shan't tie you up or anything

like that, but if you try to give us the slip you'll be shot dead."

"That is understood."

"We know the doctor disarmed you, and we are all armed to the teeth, so you see what you are up against. Now I'm off."

"One moment."

"Well?"

"About this Mrs. Bauer. Does she have the run of the house at night?"

"Boss, you ask me too much. We know very little about her, being all newcomers here. Mrs. Riggs takes care of her on the top floor. At night she is let out, but the doctor is always close behind her. He has pumped her full of the Green Lady story. She thinks she's the ghost. She keeps calling for her child."

"And the child?"

"Mrs. Riggs takes care of him. His mother is never allowed to see him. He thinks she's dead."

"I see. But how are we to get the woman aboard?"

"That's up to you. Whatever you say, Mrs. Riggs will do and we'll help."

"All right, West. We understand each other perfectly."

"Then I'm off. The arrangement is as soon as the steamer appears I am to wake the doctor. Instead of that you will then be set free, and you'll do the waking—see?"

"Exactly."

"So-long."

"So-long, West. You will find the Bradys as good as their word."

The keeper departed.

Not until his footsteps had died away in the distance did either of the Bradys speak.

"By jove, Governor, this is a queer start!" Harry called out then.

"I should say so," was the reply.

"I knew that Slim Jim had something up his sleeve, all right."

"Ha! Yes. My \$800 may prove to be a permanent investment, Harry. Don't raise your hopes too high."

"What encourages me most is the fact that he means to knock down on his partners."

"Exactly. That is a most hopeful sign. But we can only wait and see."

"And do you really mean to give up \$3,000?"

"Sure, if all goes through as arranged. Goodkind offers \$5,000 and expenses for the recovery of his sister and her child."

"If we can ever deliver the goods."

"Don't fret. Even if this fellow means business just as he puts it, there's many a slip betwixt cup and lip. They have got to capture the steamer, captain, and crew. It's no easy job. They didn't say a word about that."

"That's so. I wonder how they mean to do it? You might have asked them."

"I thought of it, but I concluded I had better not butt in."

"Why in thunder couldn't he make good by setting us free now?"

"Patience, Harry. If the fellow is sincere he has to report to his companions, of course. There is only one thing to do, and that is to let them work matters their own way."

It was now after midnight.

For another half hour the Bradys were obliged to possess their souls in patience, for no one came.

At last the footsteps were heard, and the light appeared again.

This time it proved to be the slim young man.

"Boss, are you there?" he demanded, flashing the light into Old King Brady's cell.

"Right here. What's the word?"

"The time has come."

"All right."

"Are you ready to take the doctor?"

"We are. But how the deuce are we to do it without a gun?"

"That's what I was telling Tom. My name is Jack McGinley, by the way."

"All right, Jack. About that gun?"

"We'll lend you one, but remember if you turn against us you get it in the neck."

"All right, my boy; all right. Don't you worry about that."

The bolts were then shot, and Old King Brady stepped out.

"Come, this is better!" he exclaimed. "I'm glad to get to work."

"Sure. Say, boss?"

"Well, Jack?"

"How much dough did you give Tom West?"

"Really, I didn't count it. About two hundred or so. Why?"

"Oh, I just wanted to know—that's all. That's what he said it was, but he lies so you can't believe a word he says."

"Tom is all right," thought the old detective. "I've got one big lie on my own conscience, that's sure."

Harry was set free, and McGinley ordered them to march ahead of him.

"How does that elevator of yours work, Jack?" Harry asked.

"Oh, you wind it up and down with a crank," replied Jack. "I hain't got time to show you now, or I would. It was built to use wit de violents when de Doc wanted to fetch 'em down to these here cells."

The Bradys were led up a narrow stairway, and after a few turns found themselves in the main hall of the madhouse.

Here stood two men, wearing long linen dusters, and masked in the manner already described.

Jack McGinley now proceeded to don a duster and to tie a handkerchief over the lower part of his face.

"Now, then, Boss Brady, follow us," said one of the others, recognizable by his voice as Tom West.

He led the way upstairs, and turning into a side corridor halted before a door.

"Can you open that with your foot?" he whispered, at the same time handing Old King Brady a revolver.

"I think so. I've done such things before. Is there no other way?"

"No; she's bolted on the inside."

"Does the doctor sleep with a revolver under his head?"

"No; he keeps it in the bureau drawer."

"There must be no miss in the forcing of this door, boys; if there is some of us will get shot."

"It's the only sticker."

"Line up shoulder to shoulder. We will make a flying wedge, and so throw our united strength against the door at once."

"Dat's de cheese," said Jack.

"So much for having an expert to work with us," added West.

Old King Brady showed them how to place themselves.

Then, as he gave the word, all threw themselves against the door, which flew inward with a crash.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE CAPTURE OF THE SMUGGLERS.

Dr. Dalton sprang from his bed to find himself looking into the muzzle of Old King Brady's borrowed revolver.

"Great heavens! You!" he gasped.

"Hands up, doctor!" said the old detective sternly. "Times have changed. You are in my power now."

"But—but——"

"No buts! Stand as you are! Harry, gather up the doctor's clothes!"

It was a strenuous moment for the master of the madhouse.

In addition to Old King Brady's revolver there were three others in the hands of the duster men pointing his way.

He tried to talk, but Old King Brady sternly commanded silence.

Harry got the clothes, and the march began.

Clothed only in his pajamas, Dr. Dalton was conducted downstairs and locked in Old King Brady's cell.

"One moment!" he called, as they turned to depart. "Who are those men? What do you mean to do with me?"

But the Bradys walked away without replying. This started the doctor's tongue going.

The last they heard he was still making fearful threats.

They returned to the main corridor, where they were met by Mrs. Riggs, the housekeeper.

This proved to be the curly-headed woman, and she was all in a tremble.

"Did you get him?" she asked.

"We got him!" replied West, pulling off his mask.

"Good! The steamer is close inshore."

"Oh, all right. Now, Boss Brady, I go out alone and give the signals. When the boat comes ashore I shall have a message from the doctor that he wants to see the captain, mate, and engineer. I shall tell 'em he is going to set up a little champagne supper for them while we unload."

"Good for you!" replied Old King Brady. "I was wondering how you meant to get them."

"That's it. You and your partner with Jack stops here and lays for 'em. Here, young feller, you take a revolver. I can trust you, I guess. They are to be took and run down below. That done, we will tackle the crew. There's only four of 'em. I've got a scheme which will sure work."

West and the third man, who answered to the name of Tom Garvey, now departed.

"Gentlemen, if you want something to drink I've got the keys of the doctor's wine room," said Mrs. Riggs. "It will be fifteen or twenty minutes before they come back again."

"I say don't let us drink a drop till this job is done," said Old King Brady.

"Perhaps it would be better," assented Jack. "All the same, the Doc keeps bully stuff in there."

"How do we take these men?" demanded Old King Brady. "Remember, we are three to three."

"Four to three," put in Mrs. Riggs. "I've got a revolver, too."

"Good!" said the old detective. "What's the plan?"

"I am to receive them," explained Mrs. Riggs. "I show them into the reception room, and then you jump on 'em."

"That will work all right, I have no doubt. I see you are all lighted up in there."

"Would it be better to have it dark, do you think?" demanded Jack.

"No. I think it will do as it is. We will look in there and see how we can best place ourselves."

They went in, and Old King Brady looked out of the window.

It was a dark night, and seemed to threaten a storm. When he first looked Old King Brady could see nothing of the steamer.

But in a moment a light was flashed from the upper story of the ruined hotel, and then he saw her distinctly.

"What is the name?" he asked.

"She's the C. H. Peters," replied Jack.

"How often do these steamers come?"

"Oh, they don't have any regular time. Until last night there hadn't been one for a month."

"I see. Where do the goods come from?"

"Come from the Soo. The doctor has an agent up there."

"Yes, yes. Well, I think we had better take our places behind the door and jump out on them. I don't believe there will be much trouble; a man with a revolver under his nose is in no hurry to argue, but I think we had better take them downstairs one at a time."

"I think so, too," said Jack. "That will be my job. You might miss the way."

There was some further talk.

The moments passed slowly.

At last voices were heard outside.

"They are coming," said Jack.

"How did they get through the fence if there is no gate?" questioned Harry.

"There is a gate," replied Jack. "Whoever told you there wasn't lied. Everybody can't find it, though."

"It was Bill Howly," said Old King Brady. "And, by the way, what of him?"

"Oh, we caught him before we came after you," laughed Jack. "I gave him a pill, and we locked him in. He's all right."

"Same kind you gave me last night?" Harry could not refrain from saying.

"Say, were you awake, after all?" demanded Jack.

"Sure I was! And what is more, I never swallowed that pill."

"Well, you fooled me fine. I could have sworn that you were asleep."

"They must be almost here, Mrs. Riggs," said the old detective.

"Oh, I'm listening, boss," replied the woman. "They'll ring the bell."

The bell sounded in a moment.

Mrs. Riggs answered the call.

"This way, gentlemen," she said. "Everything is ready for you. The doctor is busy, but he'll be down in a minute. Meantime, please step in here, and I'll see that you have whatever you would like to drink."

"That's the talk," replied a gruff voice. "If we have a pretty woman like you to serve out the good stuff to us it will taste all the better."

"Oh, go along with you, captain! You are always free with your blarney! Walk right in!"

Three men entered the reception room.

Three others with cocked revolvers sprang out from behind the door.

"Up hands or you are dead men!" cried Old King Brady.

And as they covered the smugglers he showed his shield.

There was some swearing.

The hands went up just the same, however.

"Pinched at last," chuckled Jack.



"And you turn on us, too, you—you——"

We decline to finish the captain's sentence.

It was hot stuff, but talk was checked when the old detective ordered silence.

"Drop your guns, gentlemen!" he cried. "One at a time now, and only one hand down!"

Three revolvers were thrown upon the floor.

As many knives followed.

Doubtless the smugglers did not give up all their weapons.

But Old King Brady did not dare to risk ordering a search.

Meanwhile Mrs. Riggs stood at the door with her revolver raised.

"Take the captain down and introduce him to Dr. Dalton," said Old King Brady, who seemed to have taken the ordering of the whole affair.

So one by one Jack marched the men to the dungeons.

Mrs. Riggs also went with them, and helped bolt the doors.

Jack reported some tall talk on the part of Dr. Dalton when he came up for the last time.

"That was well done," said the old detective. "What's the next move? Shall we go outside?"

"No," said Jack. "We stop here till we get the word from Tom West."

They looked out of the window, but could see nothing, the night was so dark.

In a moment, however, a light was observed flashing on the lawn.

"Here they come," said Jack. "If they have done as well as we did everything ought to be all right."

"We shall know in a minute," replied Old King Brady. The men came tramping in.

"Get 'em?" demanded Tom West.

"You bet," replied Jack. "We get 'em every time. How about yourself?"

"We got there, too. The Peters hasn't a man on board at the present moment except the cabin boy, and he's asleep. There were five of the crew, and we have got all five locked in the secret room in the ruined wing."

"That's business," said Old King Brady. "How did you manage it?"

"Oh, it was dead easy," answered Tom. "We told 'em when they came in with the first boatload that it was a blame shame that the bosses should be sitting down to a champagne supper while the men weren't getting anything, so we invited all hands to come ashore and have a drink with us."

"And they came?"

"You bet they came. The next boat brought 'em all off. We let 'em have their drink, and while they were turning it down we turned the key on 'em."

"But you did not disarm them?"

"No."

"Then the job is only half done."

"Never you mind, boss. We left a gallon of whisky there, and the door and the walls are iron-lined. They can't get out."

"Are the goods in there?"

"Sure not; only a few boxes of brandy for a blind. We have been moving stuff all the evening, ready for the teams from Wanakee in the morning. Oh, we know our biz, we do."

"I see you do," said Old King Brady. "And now, what is the next thing on the programme?"

"Well," said West, "it is your innings now, old man. We come back to help you get the Green Lady and the boy."

"They don't need no help," said Mrs. Riggs. "The Green Lady will go wherever I tell her to. Once she sees the boy she will be only too glad to go with these gentlemen. But you fellows mustn't show yourselves, Tom West. She's mortal 'fraid of keepers. She knows every one of you by sight."

"She will have to get acquainted with us, then," replied Old King Brady. "Is she dangerous at all?"

"Oh, no," said the housekeeper, "but she don't like men very well. The doctor has her hypnotized most of the time. She's generally just dopey when she's in her room alone."

"Do you mean that she dopes—takes opium?"

"That was her trouble. He's broke her of it pretty well, though. Sometimes he gives her a dose of morphine. I don't believe you will have any serious trouble with the poor thing. But come, you will do better to meet her upstairs. She never comes down on this floor."

"She'll have to to-night, then, if we are to get her out."

"You'll do better to take her out by the big hotel. She's used to that. Tom West, go turn the crank and run up the elevator, so they can pass through. Gentlemen, you two follow me."

This was the time the Bradys began to fear treachery again.

But the fact that West and the others had not asked for the revolvers back rather reassured them.

Mrs. Riggs led the way to the second floor, and showed them into a room where there were two tables and a few chairs.

It was lighted from an electric burner in the hall outside.

"Now, if you will wait here," she said, "I will go and fetch her; or would you rather I brought the boy here first?"

"I think you had better bring the woman first," said Old King Brady. "We will promise her the child on condition that she goes along with us quietly. 'Wouldn't that be the best way?"

"Perhaps it would," replied Mrs. Riggs. "Anyhow, I

don't believe you will have much trouble with the poor soul."

And with this the housekeeper hurried away.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE BRADYS GET THE GREEN LADY.

"Everything is going as smooth as glass, Governor," remarked Harry, after Mrs. Riggs left them.

"So it seems," replied Old King Brady. "But we have not got to the end yet."

"What do you propose to do after we get this woman safely aboard? Don't you think some way might be devised to double on those fellows?"

"Hush, Harry. We won't discuss that now. One can't tell who may be listening."

They waited in silence.

After a few minutes light footsteps were heard in the corridor.

"Go into the room right ahead of you, my dear," Mrs. Riggs' voice was heard calling. "There you will find the good gentlemen who are going to give you back your boy."

"But I can't meet them so," a woman's voice answered, in complaining tones. "My hair isn't fixed."

"Oh, you won't need the light in your hair to-night," was the answer. "Besides, the doctor is asleep, and we mustn't disturb him to put the stuff on your hair. He never got you your child, but these good gentlemen will. You will see, my dear, you will see!"

"Shall I go right in to them?"

"Yes. Go right on. Tell the kind old gentleman what you want. He will see that you get your boy. Don't be afraid."

The Bradys heard her coming then, and in a few seconds she entered the room.

She was a slight, insignificant looking person, with a white, scared face and a restless eye.

Her head was bare, and her yellow hair all tumbled about; she wore a tight-fitting dress of some light green stuff. It was the same figure they had seen the night before.

Halting in the doorway, she looked the detectives over for a moment and then said:

"I want my child! I want my Emil! I want my boy!"

"You shall have him, my dear," replied Old King Brady. "You shall have him in a minute, and then you shall go away from this place with us, so they cannot rob you of your boy again."

The Green Lady clasped her hands, and looked at the detectives doubtfully.

"I can't go away," she said. "How can I? Don't you know that I am dead? Don't you know that I am the

Green Lady? Don't you know that I am the ghost which haunts this hotel?"

"Oh, yes. We know all that," replied Old King Brady. "But after you get your boy back you won't have to haunt the hotel any longer, don't you see?"

"Won't I?"

"Certainly not. Why should you, after we give you back your child?"

"Where would you take me? I don't want to go back to my husband. He is a bad man. He was very cruel to me. Oh, you don't know how much I have suffered with that man!"

"Yes, we know all about it, and we are not going to take you to him, dear lady. We will take you to your brother. Would you not like to go to him?"

"Yes. He is good."

"Well, then, that is what it shall be."

"But what will the doctor say? He is a bad man, too. I am afraid of him."

"You need not be. He will not come. He is sound asleep."

"But suppose he wakes up?"

"He won't. It will be all right."

"No, it won't! No, it won't!" cried the Green Lady, raising her voice and beginning to wring her hands. "You are deceiving me. You are not going to give me my child! Oh, I want my child! I want my Emil! I want my boy!"

"Confound Mrs. Riggs! Why don't she come with the child?" thought Old King Brady.

At the same instant light footsteps were heard in the hall.

"Run, Emil! Run to mamma!" Mrs. Riggs called. "She is in that room!"

The Green Lady gave a piercing scream, and turned to meet a pretty little boy who came bounding in.

"Oh, mamma! Mamma!" he cried.

The mad woman caught him in her arms, and kissed him again and again.

"At last! At last!" she cried, and then began talking in German.

The child responded, and they wept together.

It was an affecting scene.

Even the housekeeper, who stood in the doorway, wept.

Question now was how to quiet the Green Lady down and get her on board the steamer.

"You see, my dear lady, I have been as good as my promise," said Old King Brady. "Now you will go quietly with us, and——"

"No, I won't!" screamed the woman in sudden excitement. "I don't know you! You will take me to my husband. I had rather die! I had rather kill my boy!"

"No, no! It's to your brother we are going to take you," said Old King Brady, soothingly.

"I don't believe you!" shrieked the Green Lady.

Then suddenly she sprang upon the table near the open

window, with the child in her arms, displaying in the movement that wonderful strength which the insane often show.

The next instant she was on the window ledge itself.

"Come near me and out I go with him!" screamed the mad woman.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried the housekeeper.

Harry made a rush, but Old King Brady held him back.

"A word with you before you jump, dear lady!" he cried.

It was a case for coaxing.

Any sudden action would surely have been fatal.

"Oh, mamma! Mamma! Don't throw me out the window!" Emil screamed.

He managed to disengage himself, and sprang to the floor.

The mad woman jumped down after him, and again caught him in her arms.

Quick as thought Harry darted to the window, pulled down the sash, and stood with his back to it.

Emil began to cry.

The Green Lady hushed him, talking wildly in German.

"Now be good! Now be good! These gentlemen are going to take you for a sail in a nice steamer," said Mrs. Riggs.

"Which will sail to your brother, dear lady," added Old King Brady. "No one shall ever take your child from you again!"

"I want to go in the boat, mamma!" pleaded Emil. "I want to go to Uncle Ikey. Let us go."

"How can you go when you haven't got your hat?" said the woman. "And I haven't got mine," she added, childishly. "Oh, Mrs. Riggs, what shall we do?"

"I'll get the hats, my dear," said the housekeeper.

"Will you go with us? I am afraid of these men. That old one has got a wicked eye."

"Yes, yes, I'll go with you," said Mrs. Riggs.

She hurried away, and quickly returned with their hats.

Meanwhile the Green Lady continued to hug the boy, and they talked to each other in German.

The Bradys stood quietly by.

It seemed best to let Mrs. Riggs manage the affair now.

And the housekeeper was so successful that they were soon on the move.

"Tom is ready with the boat," she whispered to Old King Brady. "I think you had better let me go with her alone."

The old detective thought so, too, and for that reason he and Harry held back and followed from a distance, after they passed through to the hotel.

They saw nothing of the three men when they went downstairs, and passed out upon the grounds.

The boat was at the water's edge in front of the big hotel, with Tom West at the oars.

"Will she get in quietly, think, Governor?" questioned Harry.

"I think so," replied Old King Brady. "Mrs. Riggs seems to have her well in hand. I don't look for any further trouble now."

They held back and watched, and had the satisfaction of seeing the woman and child pulled out to the steamer.

Jack and the man Garvey joined them as they stood watching on the shore.

"Have any trouble with her?" asked Jack.

"We did at first," replied Old King Brady, "but she soon quieted down."

"Where are you going to take her when we let you go?"

"To her brother in Toronto."

"Didn't he put her in the madhouse? What does he want her back for?"

"No; it was her husband. Good! Now she is aboard all right."

"If only she don't jump overboard and drown herself and the child," said Harry.

"Don't suggest such a thing. Mrs. Riggs will have sense enough to lock her in one of the staterooms, I suppose?"

"Mrs. Riggs is all right, and you can bank on her," said Jack. "Here comes Tom back again."

"Now for the last chapter in this interesting drama," thought Old King Brady. "Where on earth are these men going to take us? Pleasant as their company is, I don't care to remain in it for more than a month or two."

As yet Old King Brady had no idea what course he was to pursue.

That the way out of the difficulty was to be shown him will soon be seen.

West returned to the shore, and pulled the boat up on the beach.

"We must get the goods out, boys," he said, adding:

"Now, old man, we have done our part to help you, and you want to turn to and help us."

"Certainly," replied Old King Brady. "Whatever you say goes."

"First off, you had better give us back them guns. You won't need 'em any longer, and you might be seized with a sudden notion to turn 'em on us, you know."

"Right! Here's mine."

"And mine," added Harry, turning over the revolver.

"Good," cried West. "All is O. K. so far. If you keep

on like this there won't be no kick coming from us. Now we'll run the goods aboard."

They went over to the ruined wing.

This blamed roost is liable to fall down on us," growled Garvey. "I've been expecting something like that to happen ever since I've been working for Doc."

"Oh, I guess it will hold up for another night," laughed West. "Now, Boss Brady, I'll show you how to get in."

"I was wondering how you were going to manage it," replied Old King Brady. "When we tried it last night we could find no way."

"That's because you didn't look in the right place. Here we are."

West had led them around to the side of the wing.

Here there was a doorway leading into the basement, which was boarded up like the rest.

West stooped and pulled a long nail out from the bottom of the boarding.

Then, taking another out of the top, he pulled the boarding back.

The nails were loose in their holes, and the whole business opened like a door.

A flight of steps was revealed, leading down into a long corridor.

Jack took a lantern down from a nail, and having lighted it, they started along the corridor.

"Hark! Don't you hear them fellers!" cried West.

The Bradys must have been deaf if they had not heard them.

Muffled sounds came from somewhere below.

Somebody was singing.

Now came a wild whoop.

Then it was a burst of uproarious laughter.

"They are happy," said Tom. "By gracious, I don't believe they know they are locked in yet. Here we go!"

He stopped and pulled up a trap-door.

Here was another flight of steps.

The sounds came louder now.

Suddenly all voices seemed to unite in one wild yell.

This was followed by a great banging and pounding.

"They have caught on to the situation, all right," said Harry.

"Yes," replied West, "but all the same they can't get out. Now they have quieted down again. Probably they have stopped to take another drink. Here you are, Boss Brady."

They had come into a narrow corridor boarded up on either side.

Here, piled up, were boxes and cases, several hundred in number.

"This is our plunder!" cried West. "Now to run it aboard."

## CHAPTER XII.

### CONCLUSION.

The next hour was a busy one.

It was no light undertaking to carry the heavy boxes down to the water's edge.

Old King Brady became thoroughly winded before the first boatload was complete.

"This won't do, old man," said West. "We will have you dropping dead of heart-disease and then your check won't be no good. I reckon the best way will be to let you pull the boat and help with the loading on board."

"I think you will have to let up on me," replied Old King Brady. "I am not a young man, you see."

"Which you can't help. Get in and pull her out. I'll go with you. You fellers can bring down more goods."

They pulled out to the steamer then, which lay at anchor about a hundred yards from the shore.

Mrs. Riggs was leaning over the rail when they reached it.

"Well, Tom, so you have come at last," she said. "I thought you were never going to."

"How is the Green Lady getting on?" inquired Old King Brady.

"Oh, she's quiet," replied Mrs. Riggs. "I have locked her in one of the staterooms. She made a little fuss when I first turned the key on her, but she is so used to being locked in that she soon quieted down."

"Stay where you are, Brady," said West. "I'll go aboard and rig out the block and fall so that we can hoist this stuff on."

"I suppose there is a good cargo aboard as it is," remarked the old detective, as West made the boat fast to a rope which hung down over the steamer's side.

"You bet there is. Eight or ten thousand dollars' worth of stuff. Enough for us to get married on—eh, Maggie?"

"Oh, you go 'long!" cried the woman. "We'll see about that business later on."

West laughed, and climbing the ladder went aboard.

He soon had the block and fall rigged up, and the work of loading in the goods began.

It was almost as hard on Old King Brady as the carrying of the heavy boxes, but he stuck to it, and at last the boat was emptied.

"Did you see anything of the cabin-boy, Maggie?" West then inquired.

"Not a thing," replied the housekeeper. "Don't let him come bothering around me. I'll wring the neck for the little brat if he does."

"I think we ought to have a better light shown here," said Old King Brady. "It was none too easy finding our way out this black night."

"We will light the bow lantern," assented West. "It

can't do us any harm, although it is dead against the doctor's rules to show a light."

"The doctor don't go now," laughed Mrs. Riggs. "I wonder what the dear man is thinking about now?"

"He's not saying his prayers, you can bet," laughed West, as he lighted the lantern.

They then went back aboard the boat, and Old King Brady pulled ashore.

Harry, with Jack and Garvey, were just coming along with another load of stuff, and there was a lot piled up on the shore.

"Have them fellers quieted down?" demanded Tom West.

"They have," said Garvey. "I haven't heard a sound out of them last three trips."

"I reckon they are all asleep. Well, things are working beautifully. But now, Boss Brady, while we are all here together, I want to say a word to you."

"Hello! What about that?" cried Old King Brady. "Haven't I been working to suit?"

"Oh, you are working to suit all right. It isn't that. What I want to pow-wow about is them there checks we were talking about."

"Well, you don't want to stop work to have me draw them up now, do you?"

"No; it hain't that. I just want you to prepare your mind for something."

"Well?"

"The checks were to be for a thousand, weren't they now?"

"That was the understanding."

"And there was to be three of them?" continued the rascal.

"That was it."

"Well, we'll have to change that."

"How change it?"

"You'll have to make the checks for three thousand dollars!"

"Three thousand altogether. Of course, that was understood."

"No, not three thousand altogether, either. You understand me well enough, so you needn't pretend you don't. I mean three thousand dollars apiece—understand?"

"That's not sticking to the agreement, brother," said the detective.

"What odds does that make? You are worth a couple of millions, they say, so a thousand more or less won't hurt you."

"An agreement is an agreement," protested Old King Brady.

"Exactly, and if you don't agree to this you are going to stop in the crib where we propose to tie you up until you do. Think it over, old man. You'll soon be able to see it my way."

"Very well," said Old King Brady. "I'll think it over, but you have broken your agreement with me, Mr. West.

It is a pity, just as we were getting on so fine with our work."

West laughed coarsely.

"Come on, boys," he said. "Let's go for another load."

"You've got a load," said Garvey. "Why not run that aboard?"

"I'll leave Old King Brady to load up the boat. He ought to be ready against the time I come back."

The old detective started right in to work, making no reply.

It was just at this minute that a ray of light seemed to break upon him.

"By thunder, I believe I can do it," he thought. "But I would like to see a little more of this stuff on board first."

They soon returned to find the boat loaded well up.

Then West and the old detective went out to the Peters again, and the cases and boxes were hoisted aboard as before.

This process was now repeated quite a number of times.

A remark from Jack told the old detective that the goods were almost all out of the ruins and down on the shore.

And now Harry received from his partner one of their secret signs.

It meant:

"Come back when I call."

The three started back toward the hotel.

"This ought to be the last load I come after," remarked West. "You fellows can bring down the balance while we are out at the steamer."

"Sure," said Jack.

Just then Old King Brady let out a yell.

"Harry! Harry! I've got 'em again!" he cried. "Bring the medicine, quick!"

"What in thunder ails the old geezer?" growled Garvey, looking back.

"Oh, it's cramps he gets around the heart," replied Harry. "I've got a bottle of medicine in my pocket that will fix him. Just excuse me a moment, boys. I'll be right along to get my share."

Young King Brady turned and ran back.

The trio walked on unsuspectingly.

"What's the Governor got up his sleeve now?" thought Harry. "Shouldn't wonder if he meant to make a break, and, by Jove, I believe it can be successfully done, too."

He had read the old detective's thoughts aright, it would seem.

"Harry," whispered Old King Brady as he came up, "we must make a run for it. Let 'em get a little further, though."

"We can work that steamer, Governor," said Harry, eagerly.

"Sure we can. Are they blind that they don't see that the way is clear for our escape?"

And surely it did seem as though the three men were blind.

They looked back but once, and then turned the corner of the ruined wing.

"Now!" cried Old King Brady. "In with you, Harry!"

Harry sprang into the boat, and seized the oars in a jiffy.

Old King Brady followed, and off they pushed from the shore.

But at the first stroke of the oars West came running around the corner of the ruined wing.

"You sneaks!" he yelled.

Then it was:

"Hey, fellers. Those blamed detectives has doubled on us."

There was some tall sprinting done as the men came back.

But they were all too late!

Before they reached the shore the boat was out of their range.

In spite of this they fired, and the shot brought Mrs. Riggs to the rail.

Old King Brady drew his secreted revolver and leveled it.

"Madam, you are our prisoner!" he cried. "We are on top now. Don't make any trouble for us if you are wise."

The housekeeper took it out on the detectives with her tongue.

But to her berating the Bradys paid absolutely no attention.

They knew that she was not armed, for they had seen her give her revolver back to West.

It was but the work of a moment to make the boat fast.

Then, boarding the steamer, the anchor was raised without delay.

This was harder, but the anchor was but a small affair, and the detectives managed to accomplish it in very short order.

Then it was Harry to the engine room, and Old King Brady to the wheel.

Ten minutes later the watchers on the beach saw the Peters go steaming away.

\* \* \* \* \*

And this ended the business.

The Bradys were perfectly well able to manage the Peters, and they ran her up to Chicago without much trouble.

Old King Brady squared it with Mrs. Riggs, promising her a reward if she would stand by him until he had delivered the unfortunate Mrs. Bauer and her child into safe hands.

The steamer was turned over to the revenue authorities, and Mr. Cammeyer sent a doctor and assistants to look after the Green Lady.

The revenue people made a quick dash to Wanakee, but it amounted to nothing.

All hands were gone. Only the lunatics remained in the madhouse.

Doubtless the colored man or the cook set Dr. Dalton and the rest free. At all events, the doctor was never apprehended.

Later Mr. Goodkind came from Toronto and took charge of his sister and her child.

They were taken to Canada, and some time afterward the Bradys had the satisfaction of learning that the unfortunate woman had recovered her reason, and that she had inherited her grandfather's large estates in Europe.

This, however, was long after the detectives received a check from Mr. Goodkind for \$6,000, which made good his promise, and also compensated the Bradys for what expense they had been at while they were working on the case.

The smuggled goods were confiscated, of course, and the Canadian owners of the Peters had their own share of trouble in getting their steamer back.

The old hotel was shortly after destroyed by fire, and Hygeia Hall went with it.

And this put the finishing touch to the case of "The Bradys and the Green Lady."

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS' STOCK YARDS MYSTERY; OR, A QUEER CASE FROM CHICAGO," which will be the next number (390) of "Secret Service."

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